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SUPER SPECIAL WINTER 1980

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STICKERS**

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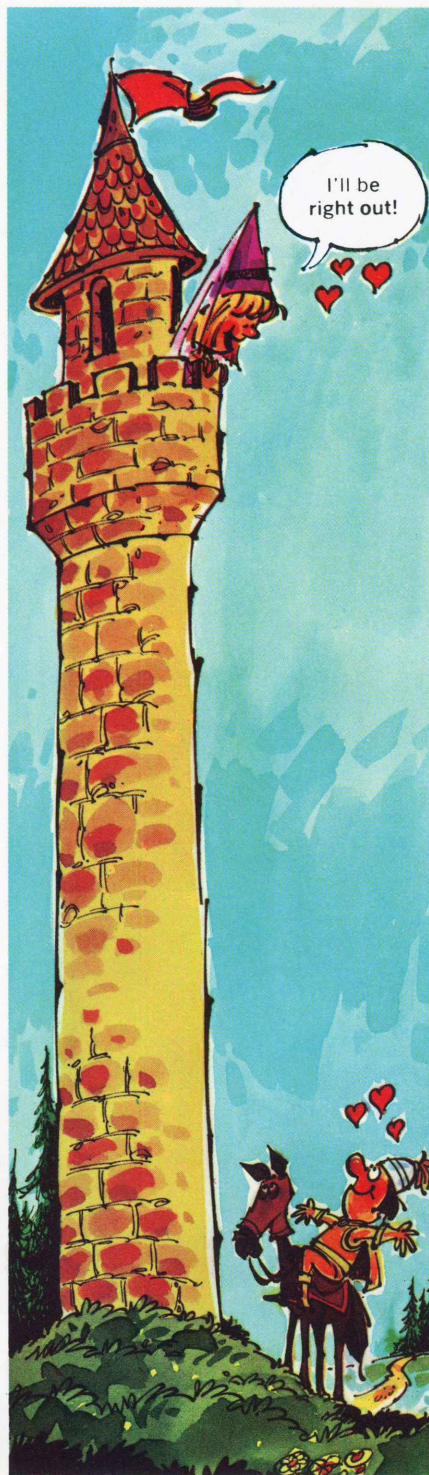
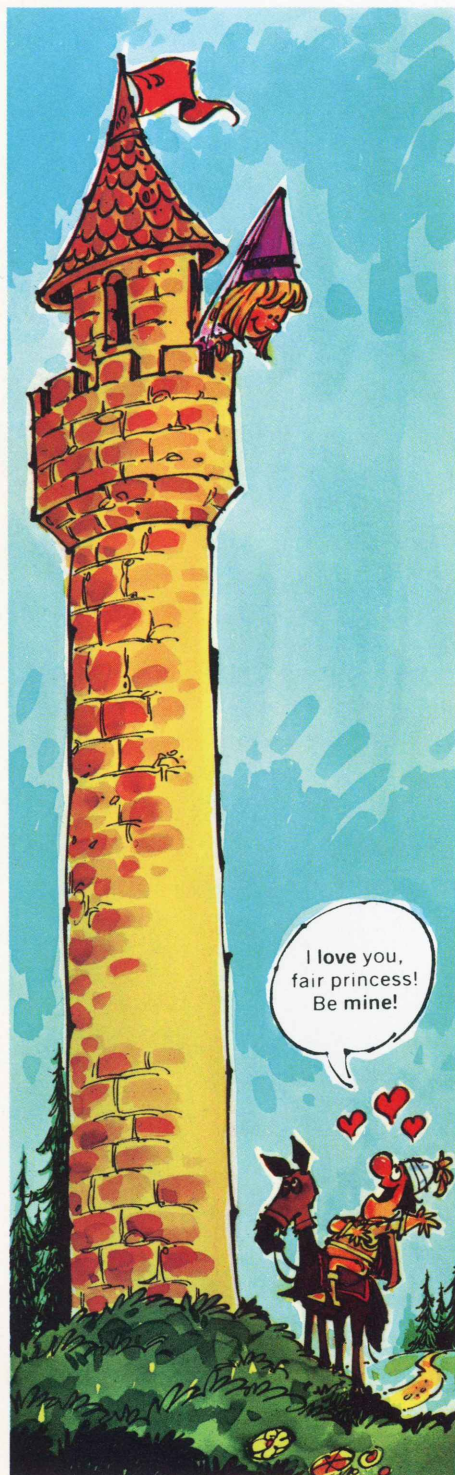


MORE



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER)



WRITER: DON EDWING

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

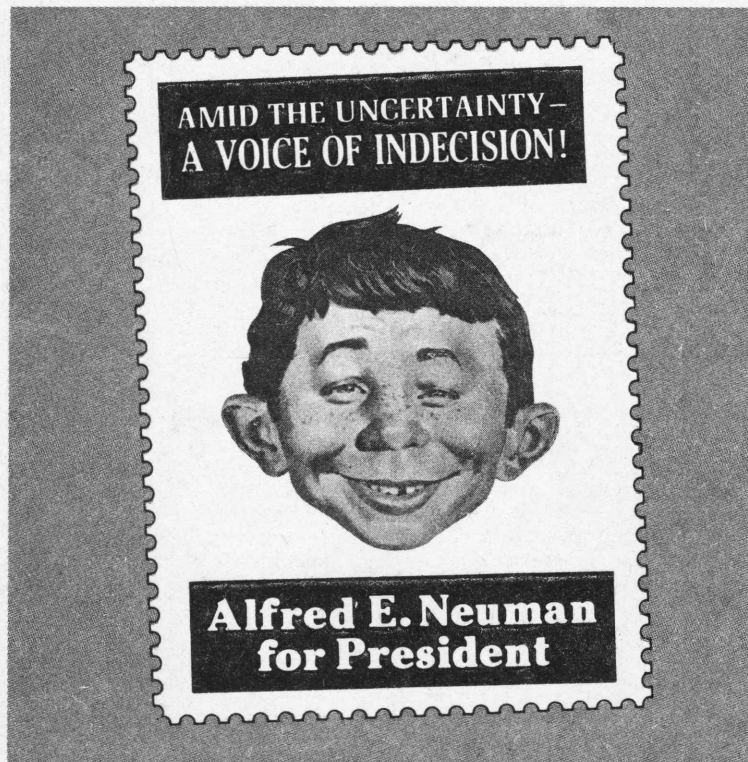
WINTER 1980 MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

"The pen is mightier than the sword . . . except when it runs out of ink!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



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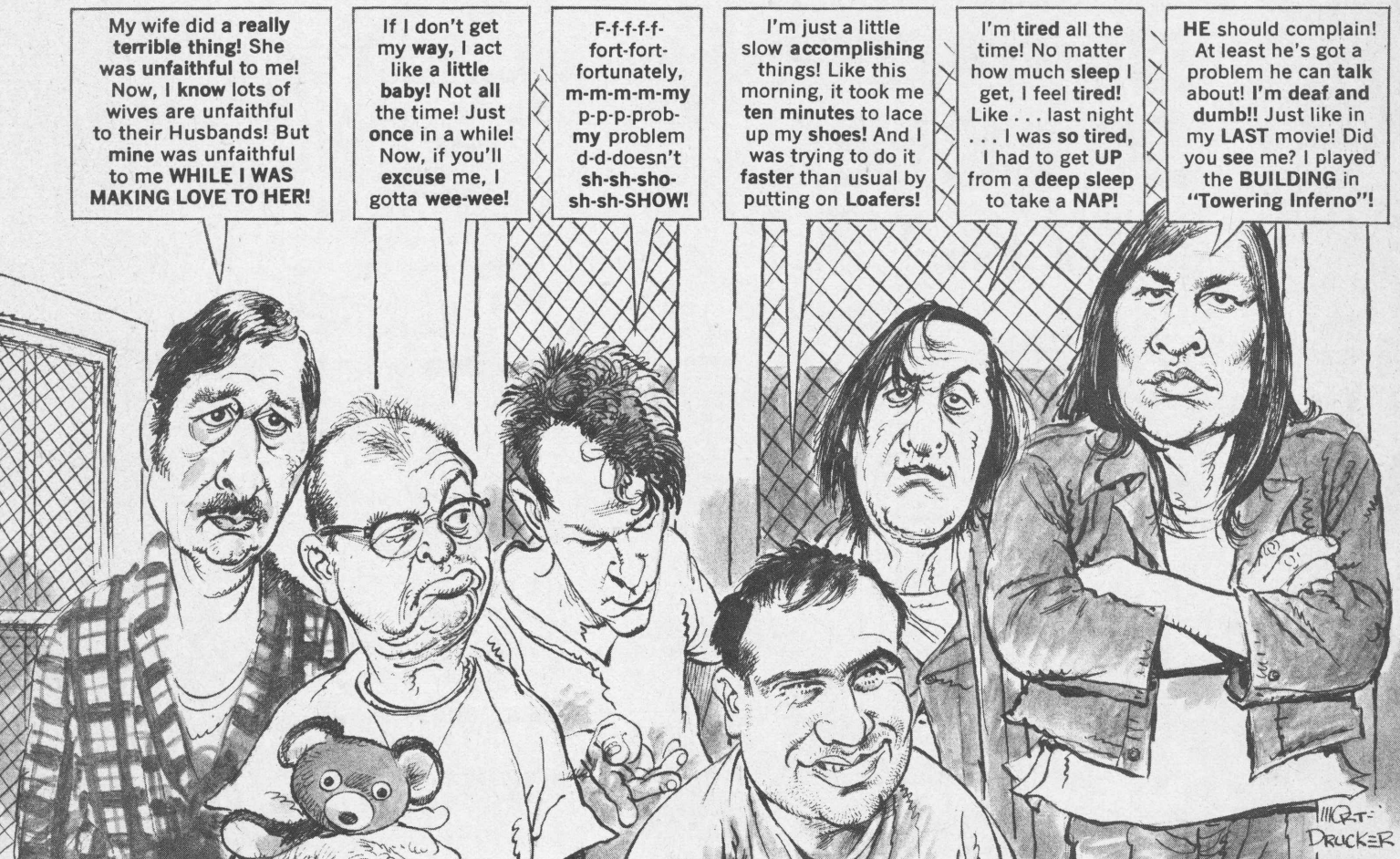
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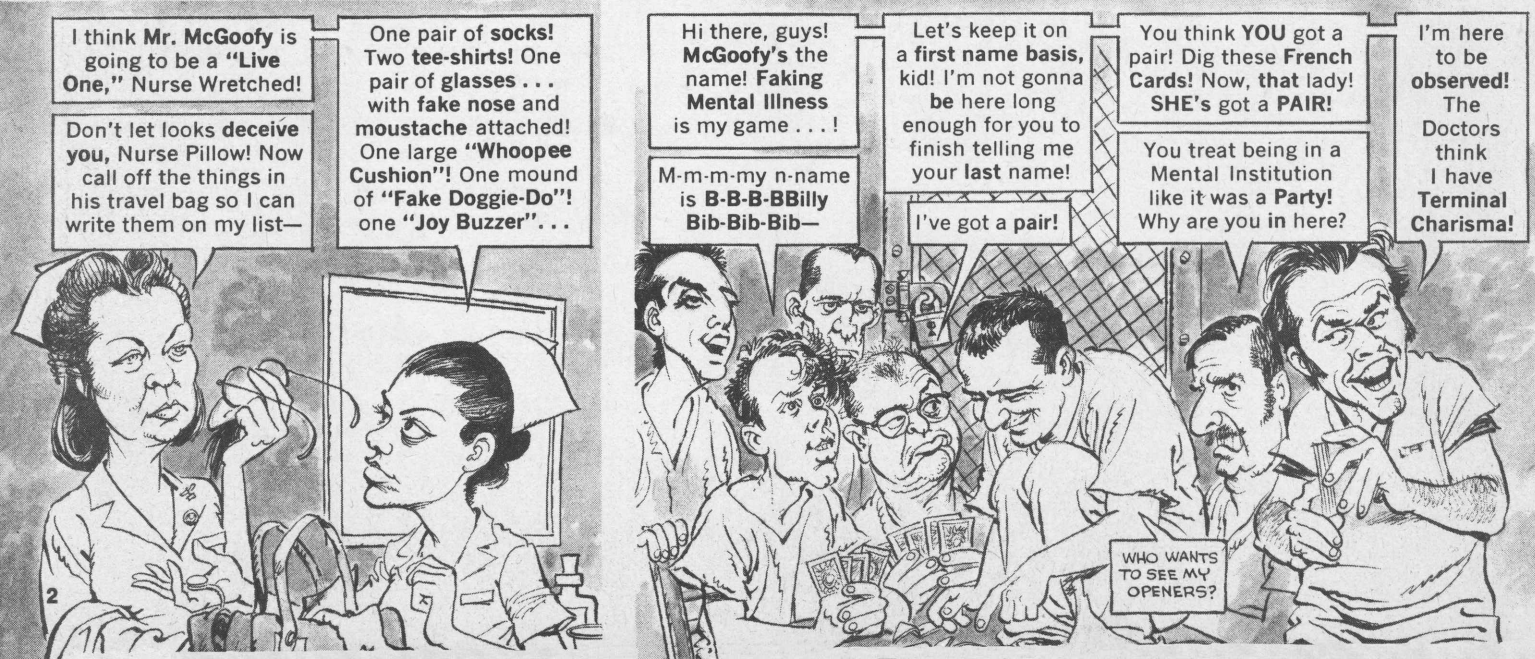
**Various Places Around The Magazine

HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF THE RECENT SMASH-HIT-MOVIE ABOUT A

ONE CUCKOO FLE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



TRouble-MAKER AMONG THE INSANE! NO, IT'S NOT RALPH NADER! IT'S . . .

W OVER THE REST



Boy, this is some set of losers you're putting me in with! I didn't think people in Mental Institutions were that sick!

What are you talking about?! Those are the **PATIENTS!** You want to know about **SICK** . . . meet the **STAFF** of this place! **THAT'S SICK!!**

I've got a problem! I'm so good-natured on the outside, I turn my own insides! But if the truth be known, I do have one teeny-weeny fault! I love to castrate men —emotionally that is!

I've got a problem! I never talk unless I've got something important to say! The last time I spoke was in 1951!

We have a problem! We love to push people around and talk down to them! But don't get us wrong! We don't do it so much for the enjoyment of it! We do it for the cash!

I've got a problem! I'm good-natured and kind! I have respect for everybody's feelings! In other words . . . by today's general standards, I'm nuts!



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

McGoofy, I've been looking at your record! You've been lazy, belligerent, quarrelsome with authority, resentful toward work, hostile, outspoken . . .

Aw, c'mon, Doc! Gi'me a break! Read some of the good things!

These **ARE** the good things! Now let me read you some of the **BAD** things! You made love to a 15-year-old girl!

But, Doc! What **ELSE** could I do?! I mean, 15 is much too young to get married!

Well, yes, but 15 years old! That's terrible!!

Listen, Doc! She had a body that just wouldn't quit! I mean, I've been around!! And she showed me plenty that was new!

Hmmmm! I see!

Anything else you need to know, Doc . . . ?

Yes . . . uh . . . that girl! You don't happen to have her address and telephone number . . . do you??



Nurse Wretched, can I watch TV?

No, Mr. McGoofy! It's time for our **Group Therapy Session!** Now, when we ended the last session, Mr. Hurting was telling us that he suspected his wife of **dating other men . . .** and some of you here hinted that you suspected Mr. Hurting of dating other men!

Wow!! **Forget TV!!** This is like watching "**As The World Turns**" **LIVE!!**

BBilly . . . would you like to start the meeting today?

N-n-n-n—

BBilly . . . next time, why don't you just **nod!**? This is only an hour session!

Mr. Hurting . . . will you start?

Well, I can only speculate on the real humanistic problems in juxtaposition to the individuals involved! As formless as the content may appear on a superficial or theanthropic level—

What are you talking about? I mean . . . **WHAT'N HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!**

If I knew what the hell I was **TALKING** about, I wouldn't **BE HERE** you idiot!



Okay, boys! That's all for today! It was very good!

Very good?!? Nothing was said! Nothing was solved! It was all just yelling and fighting!

I know! It was very good for **ME!** I love yelling and fighting! It's so—so **SICK!!**

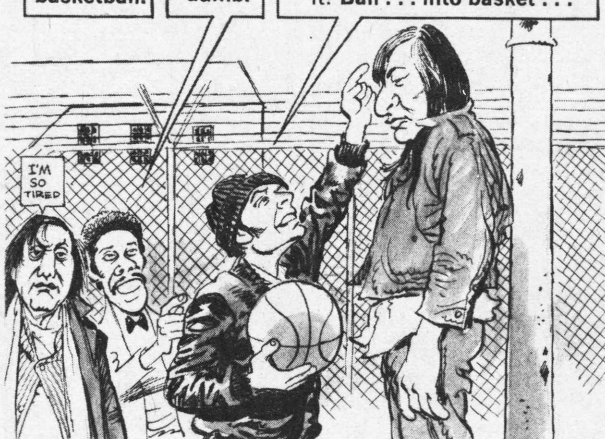


Come on, Chief! Let me show you how to play basketball!

Hey, man! He's deaf and dumb!

So?!? If he has the makings of an **UMPIRE**, he can learn how to play basketball! Now, you see this ball, Chief?!? The object is to throw this ball into the basket! Get it? Ball . . . into basket . . .

That was very good, Chief . . . except for one little detail! You're supposed to wait until **I LET GO OF THE BALL!!**



Okay . . . a cigarette is a dime! Understand? Now, who's betting?

I'll bet 20 cents! Where's your two cigarettes?

You got change for a cigar?



Uh . . . Nurse Wretched, could you lower that music please? We can't concentrate on our game!

The music is there to **soothe the nerves!** But it's so **LOUD**, it's **upsetting everybody!**

But everybody **HAS** to be upset, Mr. McGoofy, or there wouldn't be any reason to **soothe** them, would there?!?



STOP IT! STOP IT! I will not stop the music!!

I can **LIVE** with the lousy music! It's your **LOGIC!!** I think it's beginning to make **SENSE** to me . . . which means I'm on my way to being **REALLY NUTS!!**





Now, now, McGoofy! You **MUST** swallow your pill! And if you won't take it **ORALLY**, I'm sure we can find some **OTHER** way for you to take it!

You know what you can do with that pill? You can take it and shove it—

Oh?! Then you **DO** know the other way!!



You know, you shouldn't provoke Nurse Wretched that way!

You guys are really terrified of her, aren't you?

What do you mean, **US GUYS**?! You swallowed the pill, didn't you?

No, I didn't! See?! It's still here in my—



Congratulations, Mac! You did it! You really did it! You stood up to the system!!

Uh—next time you want to congratulate me, just shake my hand, huh?

G-u-l-p!!



The World Series starts today, Nurse Wretched! I'd like to suggest that we **change** the work schedule so the boys can watch it!

That is impossible, Mr. McGoofy! The work schedule took years and years of research to perfect!

We work 9 to 5 with an hour for lunch! That took years of research to perfect?

Yes! And besides! Now that the boys have gotten **USED** to it, it would be very hard for them to **re-adjust**!

The boys here could re-adjust in a minute!!

I'm not **TALKING** about the boys **HERE**! I'm talking about **MY** boys... the **Employees**!! **THEY** can't re-adjust!!



Let's take a vote! How many guys want to watch the World Series?

I only count **four** hands—and two of them are yours!

That's because you've intimidated everybody!

That is ridiculous! I **do NOT** intimidate! Now... all those who **DIDN'T** raise their hands will get Dinner tonight! The rest of you can suck a lemon!



Marteeny, you can't put a hotel on that property!

Yes, I can!

Justweak, tell him why he can't put a hotel on that property!

Because a hotel is a great, great big building made of cement... and that's just a teeny weeny little Monopoly board!



Will you guys stop bickering! Because it's **SHOWER** time!!

I'm **WET**! **HEL-L-P**! I'm **WET**!!

C'mon, now! I barely touched you!

You didn't touch me at all! I wet **MYSELF**!

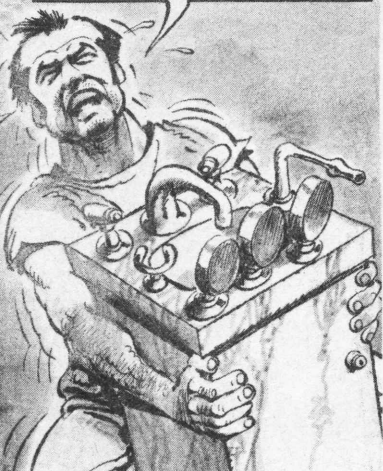
Tell you what! I'll bet anybody in this room that I can pick up this whole marble sink!!

I'll bet you all the loose change in this ashtray that you can't!

Marteeny... a cigarette may be a **DIME**, but an ashtray-full of **BUTTS** is Not "Loose Change"!!



Okay... I'll show you guys...
I'll... gasp... I'll... ooof
... I'll pick... puff-puff...
I'll move this... pant-pant...



You couldn't do it, could you?!

No, but I tried! You gotta give me something for TRYING!!

What do you need US for? You gave YOURSELF something!

A HERNIA!!



Okay, boys! I'm taking you all on a little fishing trip! And to add to the festivities, I've brought along this little lady! Meet DANDY...

Hi! I understand you guys are all crazy! I could tell that even before McGoofy tipped me off! I've been on this bus for two minutes... and no one's tried to rip my clothes off!

I mean, you GOTTA be nuts!!



Hey! Where do you guys think you're going?!

DOCTORS?! Where are your BAGS?!

We never carry our instruments on leisure trips!

What instruments?! I'm talking about your GOLF BAGS! Who ever heard of Doctors traveling without Golf Bags?!

On an OUTING! We're Doctors!!



Okay, boys! These are little fishes! Now, what do we do with little fishes?

We make little sandwiches out of them!

No, we catch big fishes!

We knew that! But if we said it, then you couldn't continue to act so patronizing toward us! We're mentally ill, not idiots!!

Boy, it's getting harder and harder to find people to look down on!!



G-g-g-g-gee, Dan-Dan-Dandy, you-you-you ha-ha-ha-have su-su-su-such b-be-beautiful h-h-h-h-hair!

Thanks! But it's gotten a little GRAY since you started to compliment me!

A-a-and y-y-you h-h-have su-such lov-lov-lovely—

Eyes? Lips?!? Legs?!? Hands?!? Just nod "yes" when I hit it, Kiddo! It'll save a lot of valuable time!

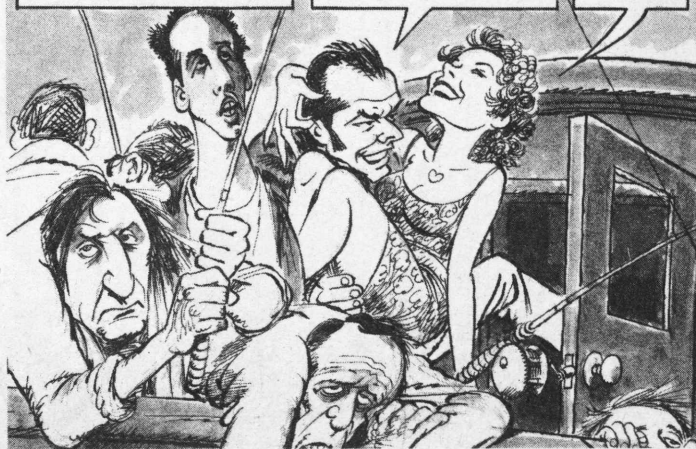


Don't disturb me, you guys, unless it's a real emergency! Now that I've shown you how to fish, I'm taking Dandy into the cabin! C'mon, Dandy!

Aren't you at least gonna say something romantic to me—to put me in the mood?

How about five bucks?

Oh, wow, Mac! You really have a way with words!!



STILL
V
LOW
THANKS
WARRIOR





Boys . . . Mr. McGoofy has been running a gambling operation and you boys have been losing all your **cigarettes** to him! And so—as of this moment—there'll be **no more gambling!**

You wouldn't want to **BET** on that! I'll give you **10-to-1!**

I'll **TAKE** that bet!! Put me down for **ten cartons!**

Wait a minute! I said **no more gambling** for the patients!

But I'm not a patient! I'm **Nurse Pillow!** Your Assistant!

My God! You've been so quiet all these years, I thought you were one of the **chronics** who had this "thing" for wearing a **Nurse's uniform!**

I want my **cigarettes!**
Stop acting like a **baby** and give me that . . . !

I am **NOT** acting like a **BABY!** And don't you dare touch my **Teddy Bear!** **HELP!**

EMERGENCY!! EMERGENCY!! Bring a **strait jacket** for Mr. **McGoofy**, and a **playpen** for Mr. **Justweak!**



You may be **deaf and dumb**, but you sure can **fight!** You knocked the **STUFFING** out of that **Teddy Bear!** Also **eight Guards!** Thanks, Chief!

You're welcome, Mac!

Why you old son of a ☆&★&★
You can **TALK!!** Why haven't you ever spoken **before** this?

Oh, I dunno! Didn't you ever find yourself in one of those **moods** where you just don't feel like talking to anyone?

Yeah, I have! But not for **sixteen straight years!**



I don't know what you're gonna do with me, Doc . . . but I think the least we could do is **shake hands!**

Sorry about that, Doc! It's just a **Joy Buzzer** I happened to have! Hope you don't mind a little **SHOCK . . . !**

No . . . that's okay, Mr. **McGoofy!** I hope you don't mind a **BIG shock!!**



Evidently, the shock therapy had **no effect** on you, Mr. **McGoofy!** You come back here—and you're still **clowning around!**

Now . . . please put out those **candles!**

They're not **CANDLES!** They're my **FINGERS GLOWING!** And if you wanna see **TOES glow**, I'll take off my shoes!!

We got to get out of here, Chief! Fun's fun, but the laughs are getting further between!

You go, Mac! I'm not ready! I'm not big enough, yet!

"**Not BIG enough yet?**" Listen, Chief, you're the only man I know who plays **basketball** by throwing the ball **DOWN!**



I've planned a **farewell party** for the boys, Mr. **Turkey!** Unlock the **window gates**, and I'll give you **ten bucks!**

I'm not getting into any **trouble!** I'll give you some **booze!**

I said I'm not getting into any **trouble!** I'll give you one of the **girls!**

Man, le'me at them **window gates!** **Trouble**, here I come!!



We're in trouble! Here comes the SUPERVISOR!

**Don't
worry!
We
got
enough
for
her,
too!**

What are
those **women**
doing in
this **Ward!**

I think
it's the
Fox Trot!!

I think it's
the **HUSTLE!**

**Gee, Ma'am,
this is 1963!
The Hustle
hasn't been
invented yet!**

Mr. Turkey . . . the Hustle
SHE'S doing was invented
thousands of years ago!!

Don't be angry, Ma'am! It's just that people have—uh—certain natural URGES that call out to be SATISFIED!

Get them **out** of here, and then I want to **talk** to you about those "urges"!

Shall I come to
your **office**??

No . . . meet
me in the
basement
behind the
boiler . . .
and bring
some of
that **booze!**



Well,
g'bye
gang!
I'm
off to
Canada!

G-g-g-
g-good-
b-b-b-
b-bye,
M-M-M—

Could you speed
it up, BBilly?
The train leaves
in four hours!

C-c-could |—|—

You—you want a **date** with **Dandy**?!? Sure!! Why not?!
On **ONE CONDITION!** You
can do anything you want
with her! **ANYTHING!!**
Except . . . **NO TALKING!**

LOOK at this place! Maybe **NOW** Nurse Wretched will finally show some emotion!

**Mr.
Pock!
Start
picking
up this
mess!**

**Mr.
Mark!
See if
anyone
is
missing!**

Nurse Pillow!
Arrange the
features on
my face to
show extreme
anger!



Everyone's here except **BBilly**—and he's in that room . . . making love to a woman!

Is he finished?

No, he's still on the "I-I-love" of "I love you!"

Well, BBilly, are you ASHAMED of what you've done?

Frankly, no, Nurse Wretched! It's an experience I've dreamed about, and I'm glad it finally came to fruition!

BBilly . . .
you are a
terrible
disappoint-
ment to me!

What...?
For making
love to a
woman...?

Not so much
for **that** as
the nerve of
you to **stop**
STUTTERING
without my
PERMISSION!
Your **Mother**
will hear
about this!!

N-n-no!
P-p-p-p-
p-please
d-d-d-d-
d-don't
t-t-tell
m-m-m-my
M-mother!

That's better! But I'm STILL going to tell her because I see something in you today that I've never seen before and I want to destroy it immediately! That rotten SELF-CONFIDENCE!!



Come on, Chief! Let's get out of here!

Don't make a move or there's gonna be **BLOOD-SHED!**

What the heck are you talking about! You got no weapons and you're gonna try and stop me... and the **CHIEF!?!?**

Yep! And it's **MY BLOOD** I don't want shed!

Yaggh! Oh, my God!! **Quick! BBilly just committed suicide!**

Boy... **this place is going absolutely INSANE today!**



Why, you ☆☆☆☆☆# You made BBilly do that!

I gave no one permission to commit suicide!

I'll KILL YOU!!

And I most cer—gasp—most certainly did not —gasp—choke—give you permission to—gurgle—strangle me!!

They performed a **LOBOTOMY** on McGoofy... and now the Chief is smothering him with a pillow! How come...?!

The Chief is strictly a "**Meat-And-Potatoes Man**"! He can't stand Vegetables!!

Now the Chief is ripping that huge marble sink out of the floor... just like McGoofy tried to do once! He's doing it for Mac!

No, he's doing it because that sink represents the Establishment... its rules and regulations... and the distorted values it imposes!

Hey, is that true, Chief? Is ripping out that sink hidden symbolism?

No... it's open hostility!

CRASH

He did it...! He **DID IT!** The Chief is escaping! He's **ESCAPING!!**

Hey! Why are we getting so excited!? The Chief was here **VOLUNTARILY!**

Hey, Redskin! Back on the sidewalk and wait for the light or I'll run your hide into **JAIL!**

Hi, there, Big Boy! Wanna have a deep and meaningful relationship? Fifty bucks!!

Hey, are you making a pass at my girl?!? I ought to punch you right in the mouth!!

Hey, Mister! Someone just stole your suitcase!

That's okay, Son! I'm going back home!

To the Reservation?

No, to the **MENTAL INSTITUTION!** It was **SANE** there compared to **THIS!!**

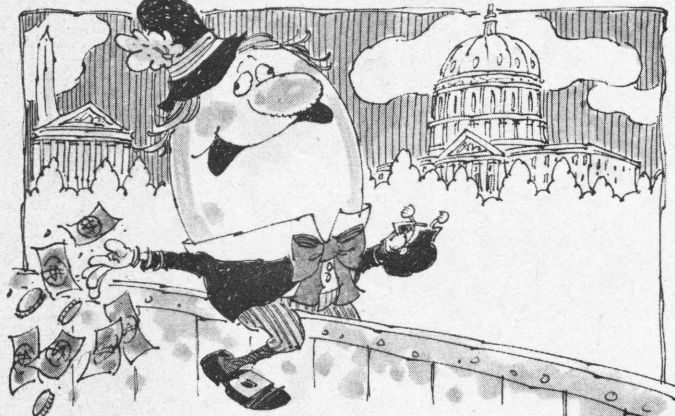
END THE WAR

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

What's going on in Nursery Land these days? Well, Tom, Tom the Piper's Son is stuffing ballot boxes, and Jack and Mrs. Sprat are splitting their votes between the Democrats and G.O.P. In other words, it's voting time for Solomon Grundy and his friends, which is our way of introducing . . .

Humpty Dumpty

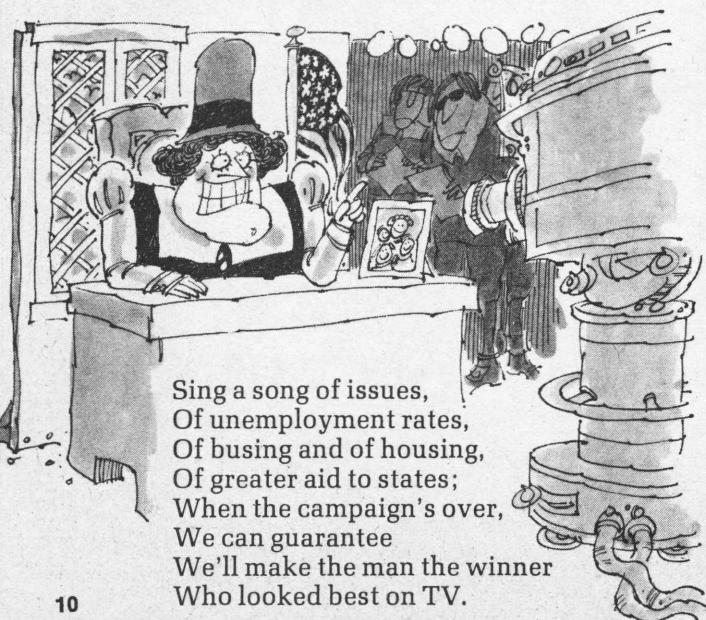


Humpty Dumpty made an address;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend less!"
All the conservative voters agreed
That Humpty in office was sure to succeed.

Humpty Dumpty spoke to the poor;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend more!"
All of the liberal voters concurred
That Humpty by far was the one they preferred.

Humpty Dumpty stays on the fence;
Humpty Dumpty knows this makes sense;
He'll win all the voters up North and down South
By making full use of both sides of his mouth.

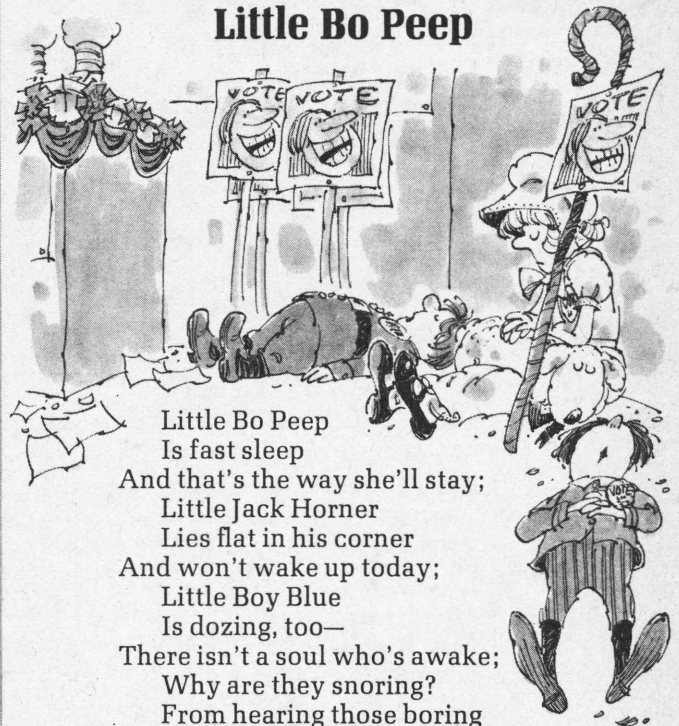
Sing a Song of Issues



Sing a song of issues,
Of unemployment rates,
Of busing and of housing,
Of greater aid to states;
When the campaign's over,
We can guarantee
We'll make the man the winner
Who looked best on TV.

MAD'S

Little Bo Peep



Little Bo Peep
Is fast sleep
And that's the way she'll stay;
Little Jack Horner
Lies flat in his corner
And won't wake up today;
Little Boy Blue
Is dozing, too—
There isn't a soul who's awake;
Why are they snoring?
From hearing those boring
Long speeches their candidates make.

The Crooked Man



There was a crooked man,
And he had a crooked laugh,
And he ran a crooked office,
And he hired a crooked staff.

He served a crooked term,
And he did a crooked job,
And he rammed through crooked bills
For a crooked local mob.

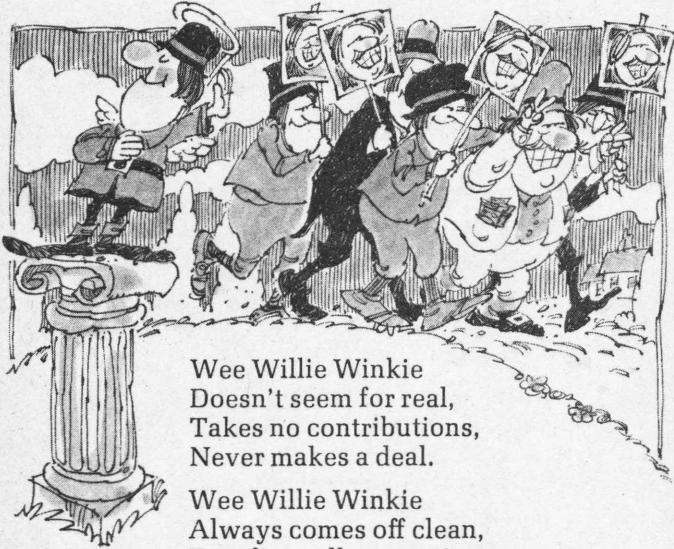
Why back the crooked man
When his crooked ways you see?
Because the rival candidate
Is crookeder than he.

ELECTION-YEAR MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie
Doesn't seem for real,
Takes no contributions,
Never makes a deal.

Wee Willie Winkie
Always comes off clean,
Free from all corruption,
Owned by no machine.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rids himself of sin;
Maybe that's why Willie
Never seems to win.

Harry is a Congressman



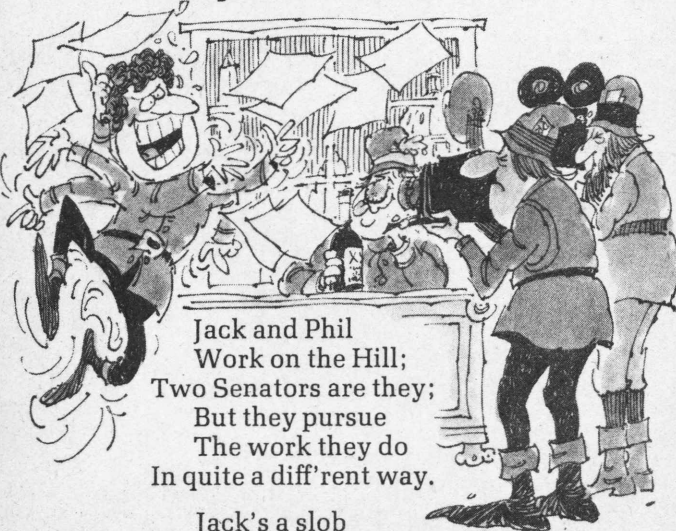
Harry is a Congressman
In Washington, D.C.,
And in his spacious office there
You'll meet his fam-i-ly.

His brother is his right-hand man
(he's never worked before);
His father gets 12 grand a year
(he's paid to shut the door).

His wife works as his filing clerk
(she cannot read or write);
His daughter mans the telephone
(a chimp is twice as bright).

Today when unemployment's high
And folks can't pay their rents,
How nice to know one fam-i-ly's
Found work—at our expense.

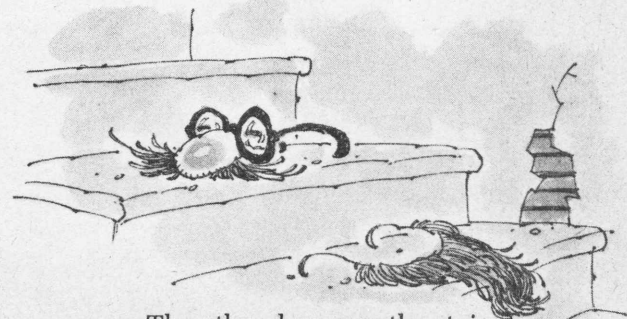
Jack and Phil



Jack and Phil
Work on the Hill;
Two Senators are they;
But they pursue
The work they do
In quite a diff'rent way.

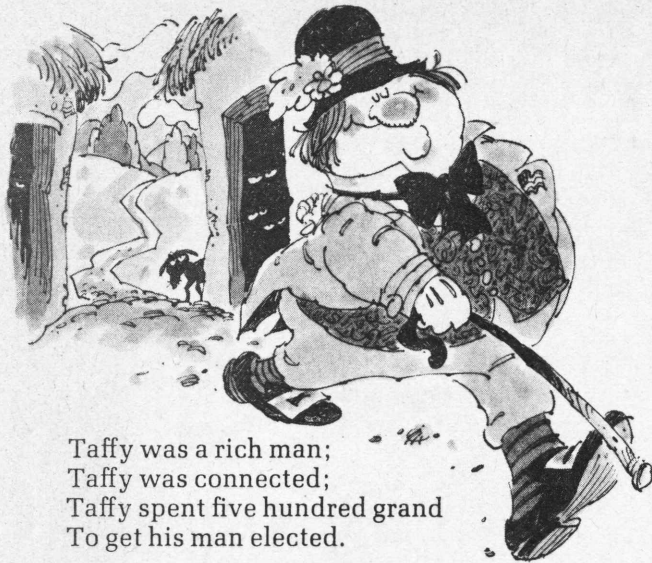
Jack's a slob
Who muffs his job,
While Phil achieves perfection;
It should be clear
Which one this year
Is up for re-election.

The Other Day Upon the Stair



The other day upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today;
I think he's from the C.I.A.

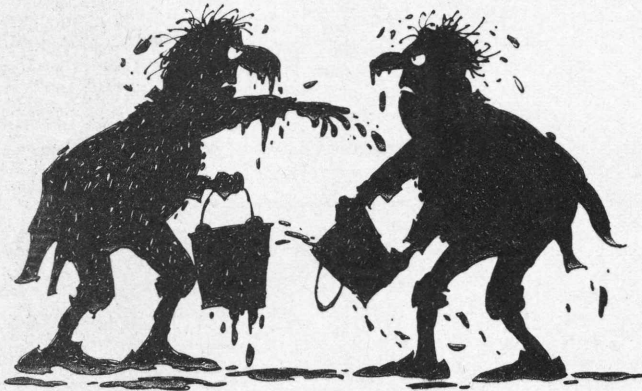
Taffy Was a Rich Man



Taffy was a rich man;
Taffy was connected;
Taffy spent five hundred grand
To get his man elected.

Taffy's now Ambassador
And struts around with pride;
Why don't you spend five hundred grand
And you'll be qualified.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were running for the House,
When Tweedledum smeared Tweedledee
By calling him a louse.

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Had caused a vicious stink,
Then spread the word that Tweedledum
Was going to a "Shrink."

Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Was vile and full of bunk;
"The problem is," said Tweedledum,
"That Tweedledee's a drunk."

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Was wrong in ev'ry way,
Then whispered to a columnist
That Tweedledum was gay.

Today I heard that Tweedledee
Was spotted at an orgy;
To hell with both—Election Day
I'll write in Georgie Porgie!

As I Was Watching NBC



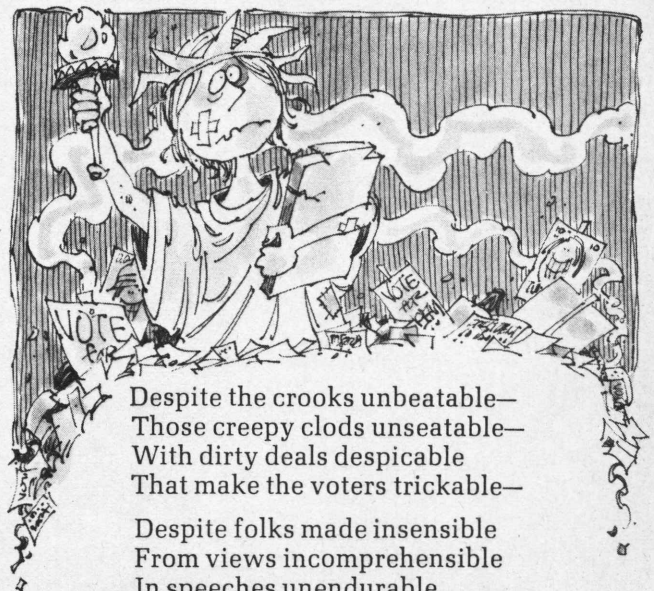
As I was watching NBC,
I heard a newsman telling me
Although returns were barely in
That A would lose and B would win.

As I was watching CBS,
I heard an analyst profess
That his computer could foresee
That C should now concede to D.

As I was watching ABC,
I heard that F would unseat E,
And, from 12 votes in Tennessee,
That H would wind up beating G.

As I turned off my set, I swore,
"What good are voters anymore?
"We might as well get rid of them
"And leave the vote to IBM."

Despite the Crooks Unbeatable

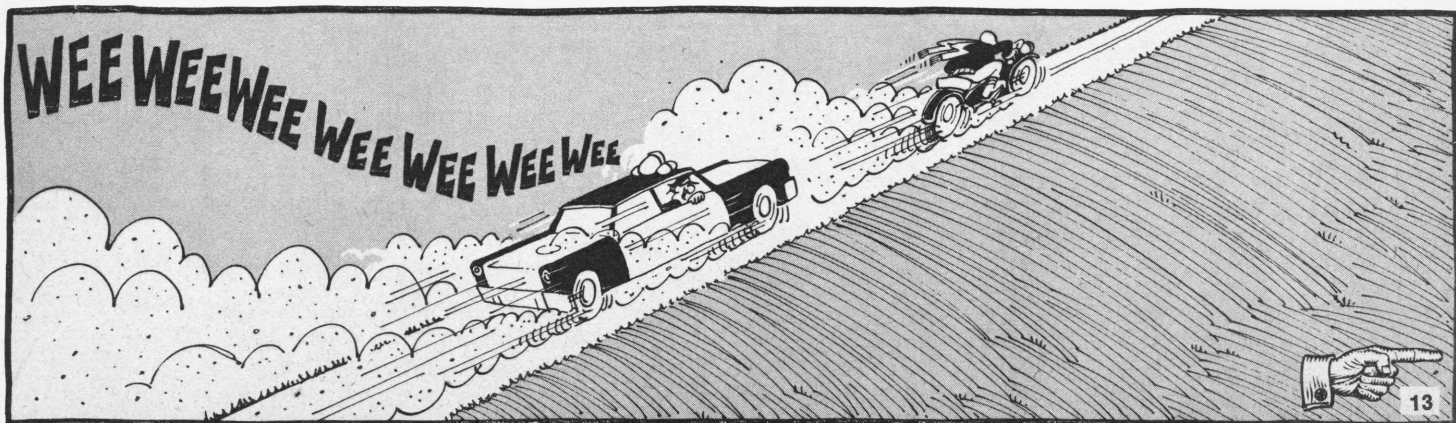
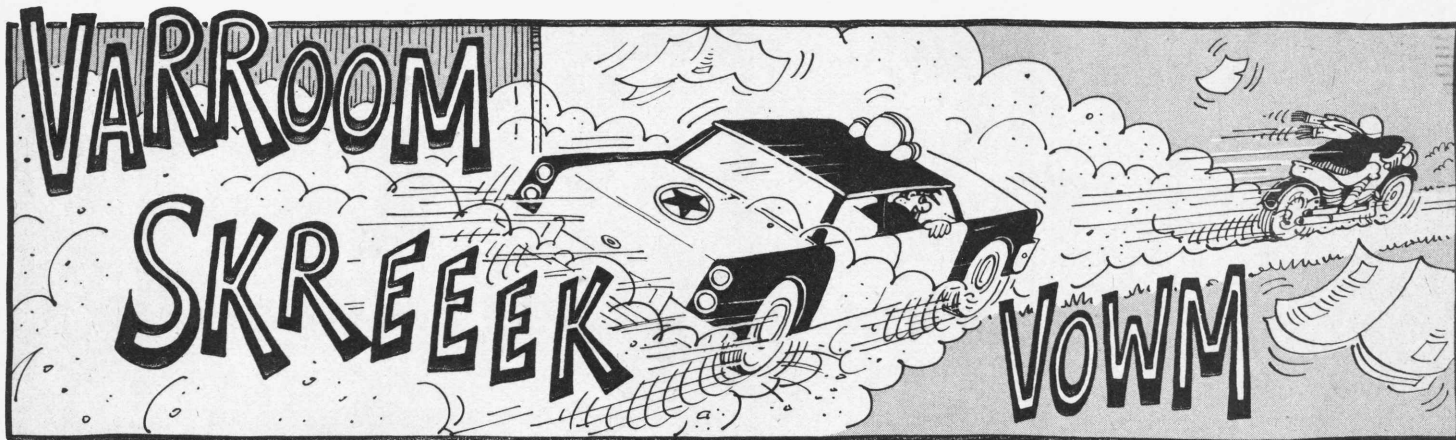
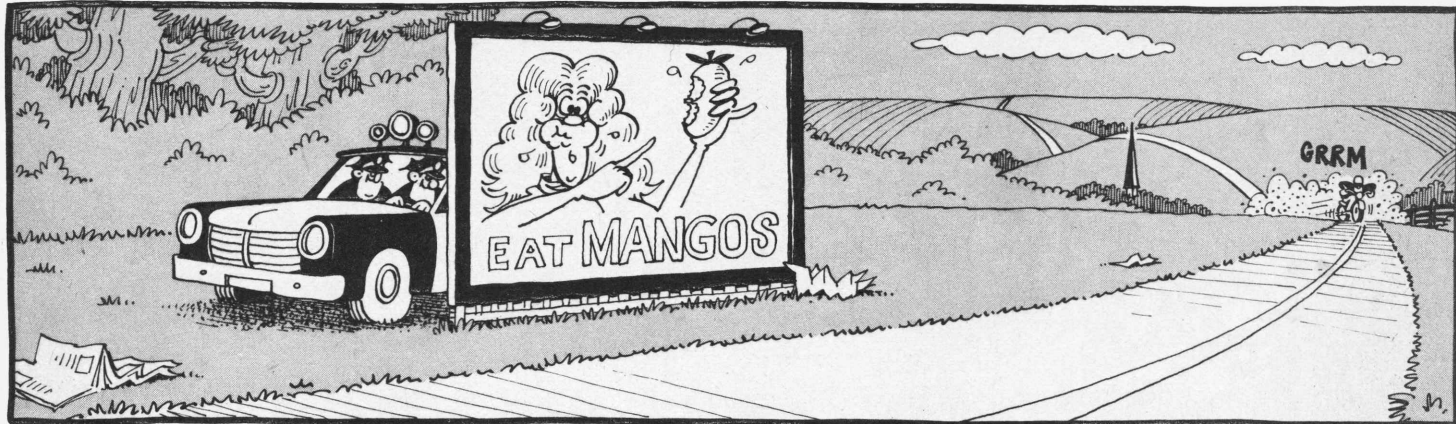


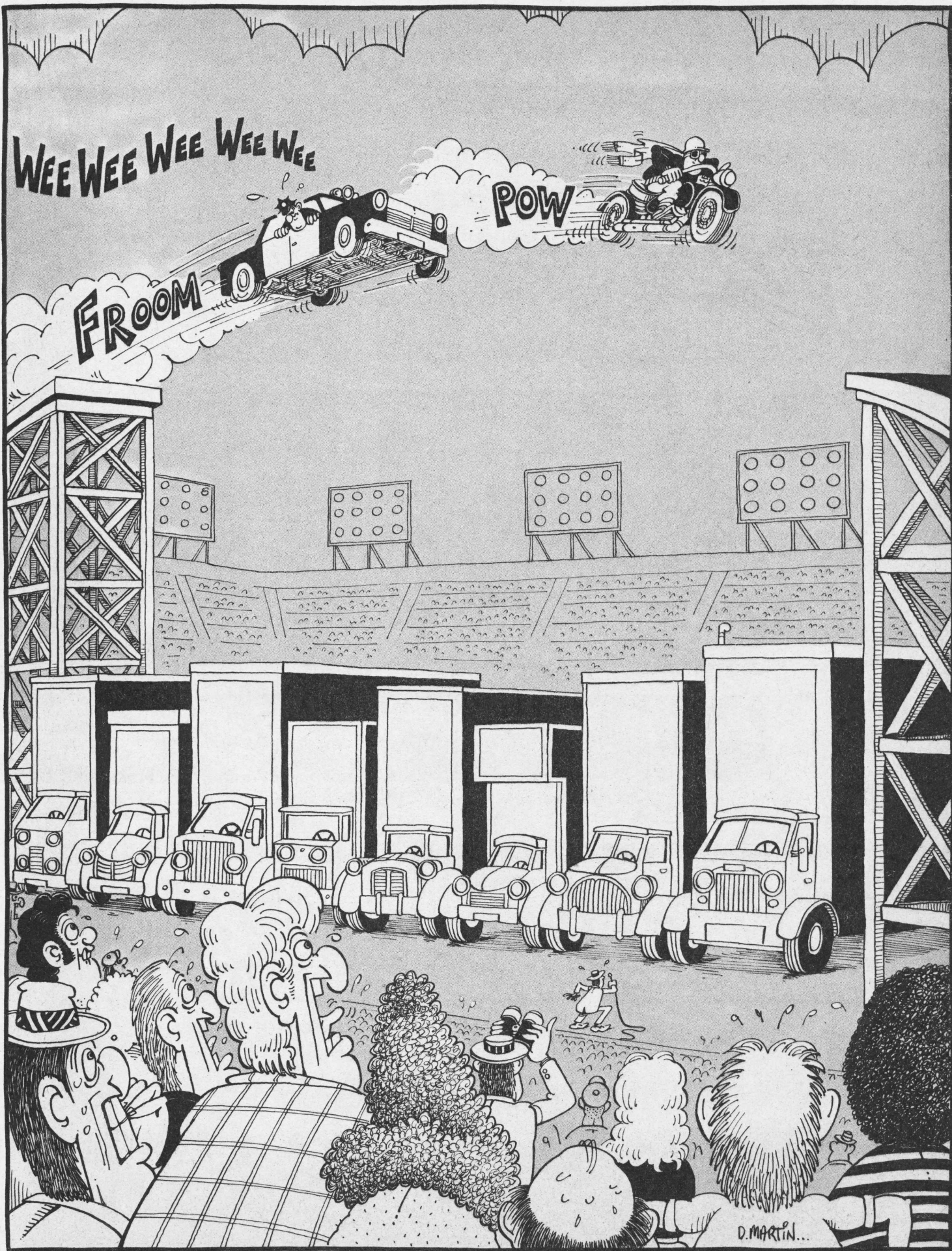
Despite the crooks unbeatable—
Those creepy clods unseatable—
With dirty deals despicable
That make the voters trickable—

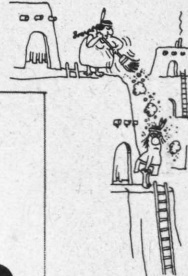
Despite folks made insensible
From views incomprehensible
In speeches unendurable
By party hacks incurable—

Despite campaigns regrettable
With promises forgettable—
Despite the rumors spreadable—
Our system works—Incredible!

ONE DAY ON THE HIGHWAY







Hi! I'm Julie Eisonpower with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine! Why me? I don't know, either! They said they needed somebody who was "close to deception," but I don't know what that has to do with me! I don't know anyone like that, except for my interviewee, Mr. Alan Caveat-Emptor...

MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR



Thank you, Miss Eisonpower! First, in answer to your question, "What is packaging?", let me say...

See, I'm not only good at my job, I'm good at your job too! To continue, take, for example, this recently-solved problem for a candy company. He wanted to sell this amount of chocolate for 15 cents!

No, the cost of the client's yacht and triplex apartment is very high! So, we designed **Circle-Quirks—The Chocolate Chain!** And put it in this nice, large wrapper! A bargain at 15 cents, no?

Really? What flavor is in the center of Life Savers, sweetie?

But I didn't ask you that question yet!

15 cents?! Wow, the price of chocolate must be very high!

No! Who's going to buy a product that's mostly air?



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART

Don't you feel guilty about treating America's youngsters so unfairly...?

Kid, we're saints compared to some! Listen, there's **ONE** outfit that takes **OLD GARBAGE**... puts a fancy new wrapper around it... and sells it to the suckers for a **BUCK!!**

What company is that awful!?!?

The one that sent you on this interview! Ever study a MAD Magazine "Special"?!?



Have you made any advances in this area!

Yeah, but she always says "no"!!

I don't understand

Neither do I! How can she resist a face like mine? This wavy hair, this winning smile?



Let's stick to the subject of packaging ...

This is packaging! I've got an expensive hair piece, capped teeth, the works!

I mean some of your successful attempts!

Well, our work with the razor blade people has been sharp! Only one blade can be used at a time, but how many can be bought at a time? Five, ten, twenty ... welcome to the Wonderful World of Multi-Pak!

It appears to be an advantage to the consumer!

Appears is my middle name! The Multi-Pak allows us to sandwich second-rate blades between the first-rate blades! If the first and last shaves are smooth, the consumer forgets everything in-between!



I think it's just dreadful that you channel all your energies ...

Energy! That's where it's at today! Everything is battery operated! Profit, thy name is Multi-Pak! Look at this winner—our best-selling 3-pak!

Is it the best deal for the money?

The worst! Most gadgets that operate on this sized battery need either 2 or 4 batteries to run it! By packaging them only in sets of three, well, you can see what it means!

They can save the extra and ...

Dead before they ever get to use it! It's "3-pak time" again!

Another miracle of modern packaging, the blister pak! Let's watch that man try to open one ...

It looks difficult!

Wrong—impossible!



You sound as if you're pleased ...

Of course! It was my idea! The customer gets so frustrated, he has to buy aspirin!

And you just happen to package that, too!

Considering who you are, you're pretty smart! Yes, aspirin is another winner for me! The "child proof" protection cap was an inspiration!

You mean because children can't open it?

I take back what I said, dummy! No, because adults can't open it, either! More headaches!

Which means, of course more sales!

I take back what I just took back!



Testing Area N° 14



Welcome to the Wonderful World of Disposables! When you don't need it anymore—you get rid of it!

How did you arrive at that idea?

By observing how people in ad agencies treat their business associates!



Chauvinistically speaking, packaging for men is small potatoes! Packaging for women—that's where the fun is! See that woman looking at those steaks?

She seems to like what she sees...

It's what she doesn't see that brings in the profits!

CONSUMER RESEARCH

SUPERMARKET TESTING DEPT.



You think they're gonna show the side with all the fat, gristle and greenish color?



Isn't there some talk that feeding meat wrapped in this kind of plastic causes cancer in rats?

If you're rich enough to feed your rats meat, you're rich enough not to worry about what happens to them!



Why are those women squeezing those rolls of toilet paper?

Because of the big ad campaign telling them not to! It's the old "forbidden fruit" game! And the sales have been tremendous!

I guess people prefer softer toilet tissue!

Don't be a ninny! Tissue is tissue! Anything that's wound loosely is gonna feel softer!



Another example of where the public is buying air?

Exactly! And if they don't like it, they know what they can do with it! Come to think of it, that's what they do with it whether they like it or not!



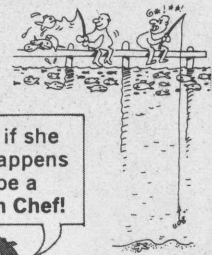
How about that woman weighing those packages of paper towels! One obviously weighs more than the other! Is that another case of "air"?

No, one really does weigh more than the other!

Well, I'm glad to see one case of honest...

Honest, shmonest! The cardboard tube in the center weighs more!





Look at this beautiful package. Doesn't that dish look scrumptious?

Is that what's on the inside of the package?

How old are you? What's in the package is a clump of soggy vegetables held together by ice! The picture only suggests what to do with the contents!



I see! In other words, the housewife can use the vegetables as the basic ingredients in a gourmet dish!

Sure, if she also happens to be a French Chef!



Snack food is a tribute to modern packaging!

How come?

We take surplus corn, potatoes and cheese that sells for 25c a pound, package it, and sell it for 95c a half pound! Then we pump so many chemicals into these things that kids can either eat them or use them for experiments!



I see what you mean! Look at this list of **preservatives!** It can't possibly be good for people!

Not **now**, perhaps, but **later** it saves them big money! Figuring on an average of two of these packages a week, by the time the consumer dies, he'll have enough preservatives in his body to make the expensive embalming procedures **unnecessary!**



Seasonal packaging also plays a big part in high profits. Candy manufacturers, for example, use the opportunity to dump a lot of stale stuff that didn't sell the rest of the year by dressing it up in "Trick or Treat Paks" at Halloween!



How do they get away with that?

Easy—the adults think it must be fresh 'cause it says "**Special for Halloween,**" and they give it out as treats! Once the kids taste the stuff, they think it's a trick! It's all in keeping with the **Halloween spirit!**



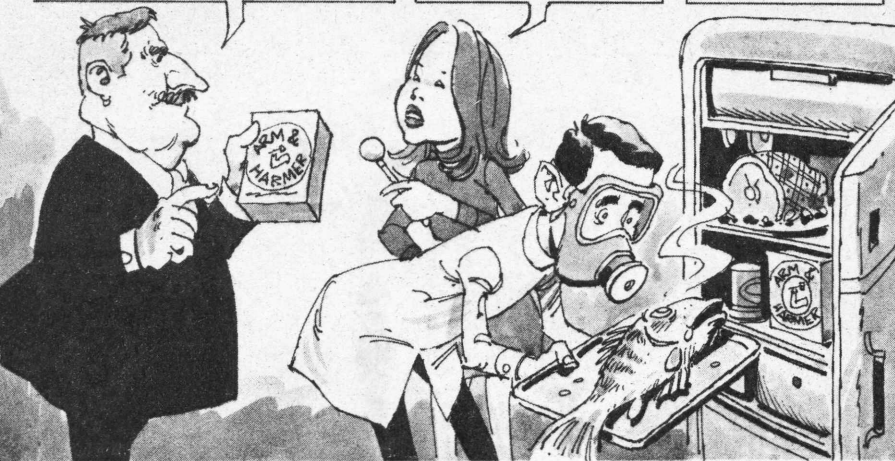
Part of the fun in this business is finding additional uses for products! Like this baking soda! We tell people to place an open box in their refrigerators!

Oh, I've seen those ads. The baking soda is supposed to guard against bad odors!

Right! And when they want to bake, they end up buying two boxes!

You mean because they forgot about the one in the refrigerator?

Correct! No American housewife ever knows what's in her refrigerator! Besides, even if she does remember, who's gonna use that stuff for baking after it's trapped all those lousy smells.



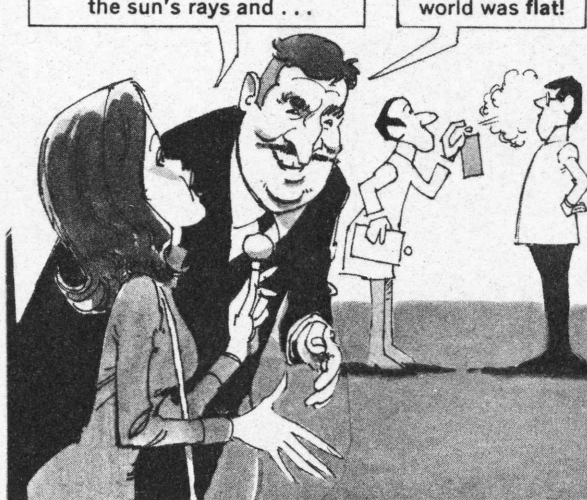
And now, the coup de grace! Le gran finale! The spray can! The wonderful, beautiful, glorious spray can!

But isn't the gas used in spray cans harmful? Scientists claim it will affect the atmospheric layers that protect us from the sun's rays and . . .

What do scientists know? Didn't they once say the world was flat!

Yes, but then they agreed it was round!

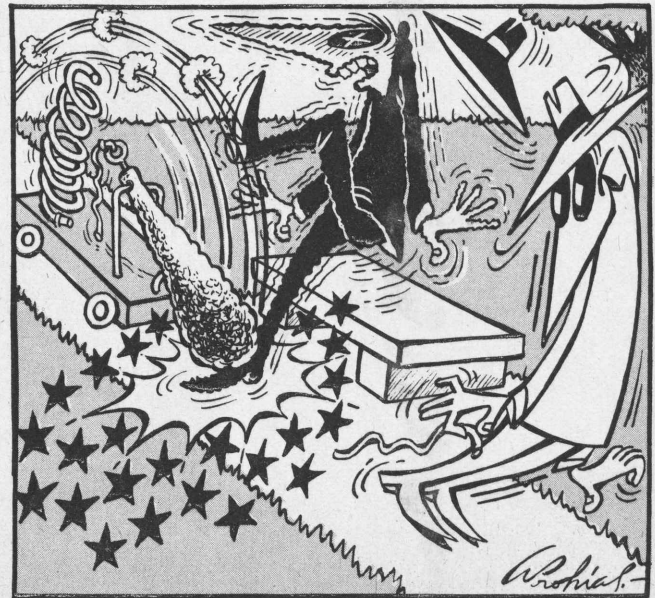
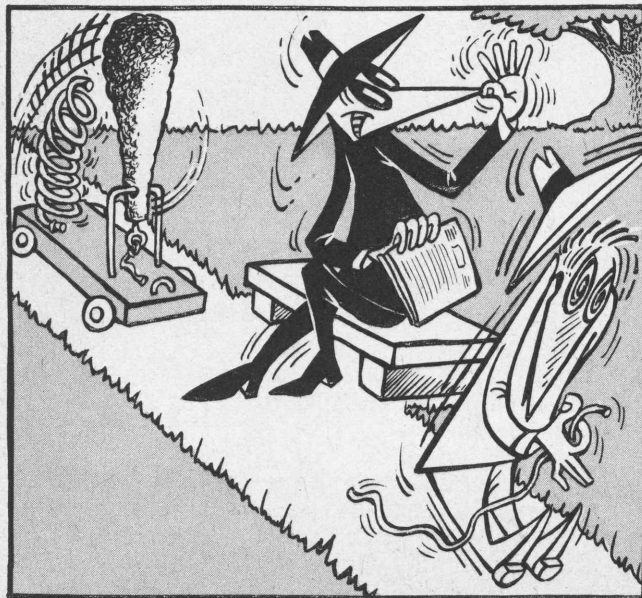
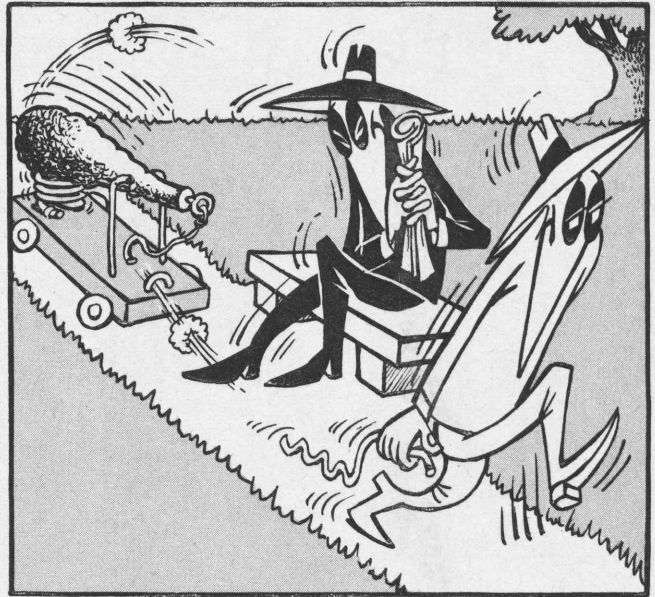
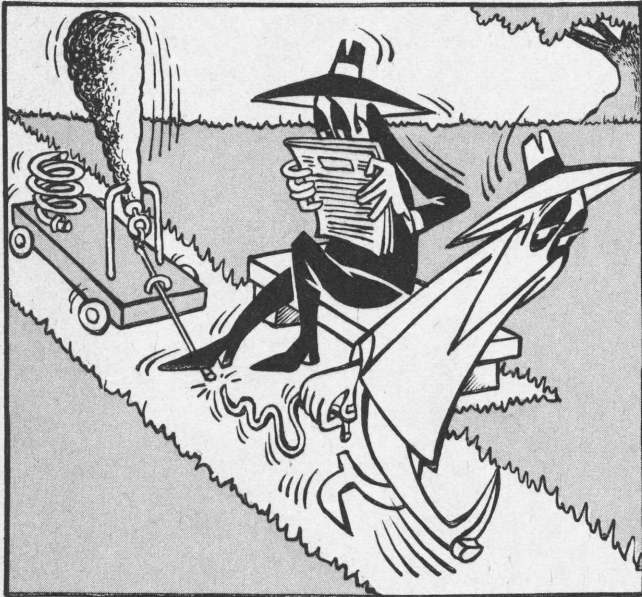
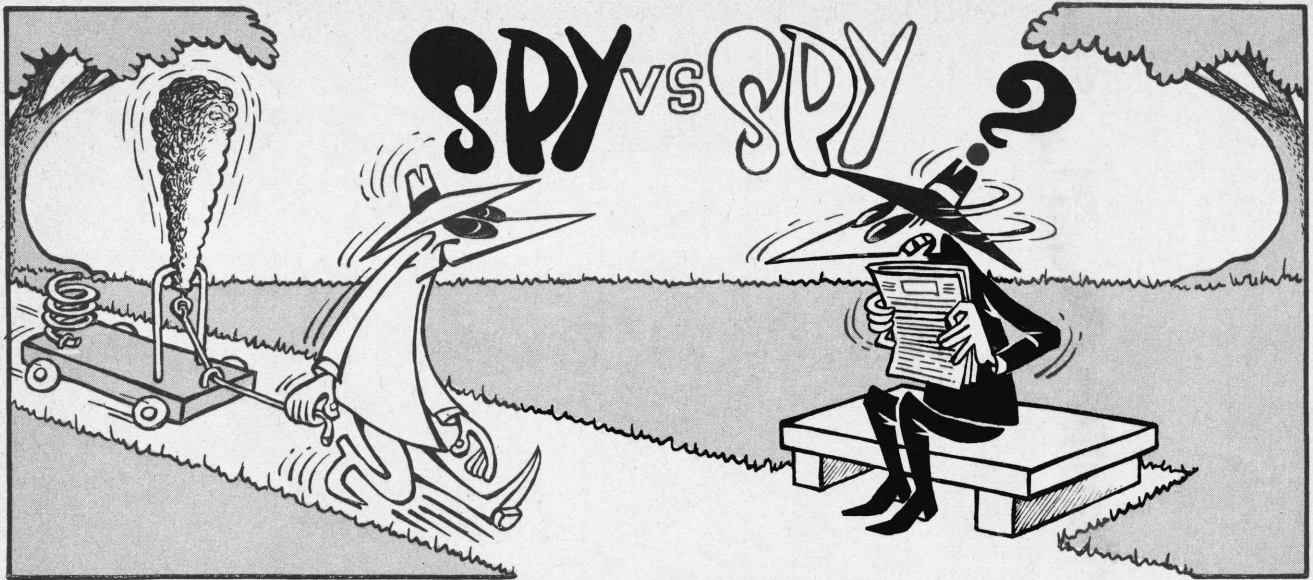
If they can change their minds about the world, they can change their minds about spray cans!



It's amazing—just by dressing up a product, you can get people to buy it no matter how foolish or useless or dopey it is! What a sad commentary on the American people!

If you think that's sad, wait'll you see the big nothing we're packaging for the public to buy in November . . .





A few issues back, we announced that you could now stop daydreaming about "fighting the system" and actually do something about it...mainly, drag those big, arrogant institutions into court and make them pay for all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years. Because the latest legal fad sweeping the country is the "Class Action Suit." All you need to file one is round up a few hundred other victims who are as hopping mad as you are, hire an attorney to file the legal briefs, and gain satisfaction and self-respect by "throwing the book" at the bums. Here then, you victims, are...

MORE LAWSUITS We'd Like To See

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Civil Court for
Uncivil Allegations
District of Columbia
District

THE
BAMBOOZLED CONSUMERS
OF TELEVISIONLAND
versus
THE FORKED TONGUED
ADVERTISING AGENCIES
OF AMERICA

Herein charged with:
Telling baldfaced lies
for fun and profit



HAVING ESTABLISHED that all aspirin is really alike, and

HAVING ESTABLISHED that ugly men who use expensive after-shave lotion still wind up with ugly girls, and

HAVING ESTABLISHED that results of gasoline economy runs are never duplicated by normal people driving normal cars,

THE PLAINTIFFS now seek redress of grievances against all named defendants in the form of (1) prompt refund of money as promised by advertising copywriters, and (2) prompt imprisonment of advertising copywriters as provided by anti-fraud laws.



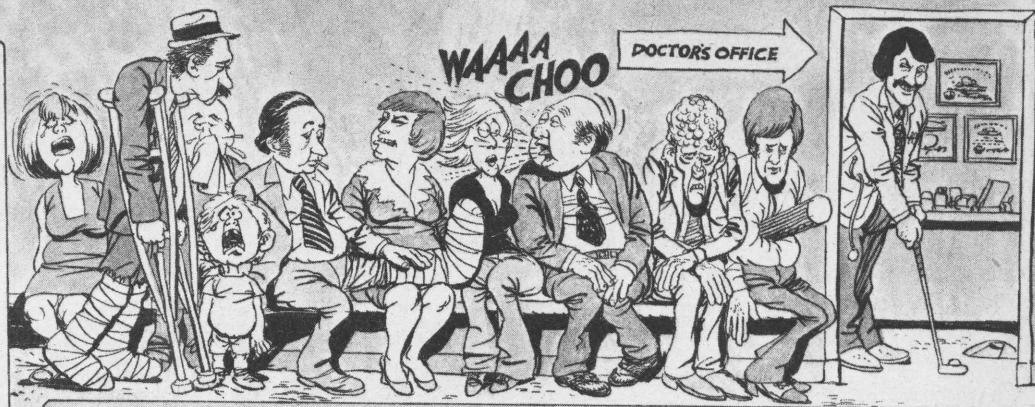
Court of Last Resort
26th District

SICKLY CITIZENS OF THE CENTRAL STATES

seeking vengeance against

THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Summary of Charges Levied
Herein: Utilizing Arrogance
to reduce patients to
blubbering vegetables

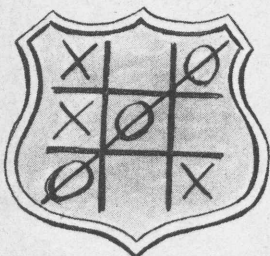


DETERMINING beyond all doubt that doctors arrogantly schedule office calls in a manner calculated to keep infected patients crowded together in waiting rooms for long periods of time, and

DETERMINING FURTHER that said periods of anxious waiting time are designed to stupify patients into quick acceptance of mis-diagnosis and costly treatment.

NOW, THEREFORE, said patients demand court permission to send bills to their doctors based on the following schedule of fees:

- Forced waiting time beyond scheduled appointment hour—
—\$1.00 per minute
- Contagious diseases caught from other waiting patients—
—\$50.00 per illness
- Receiving prescription for drug that worsens conditions—
—\$25.00
- Ego destroyed by doctor's standard office procedures—
—\$100.00



The Fairly Unappealing
Court of Appeals
Northern
Ohio District

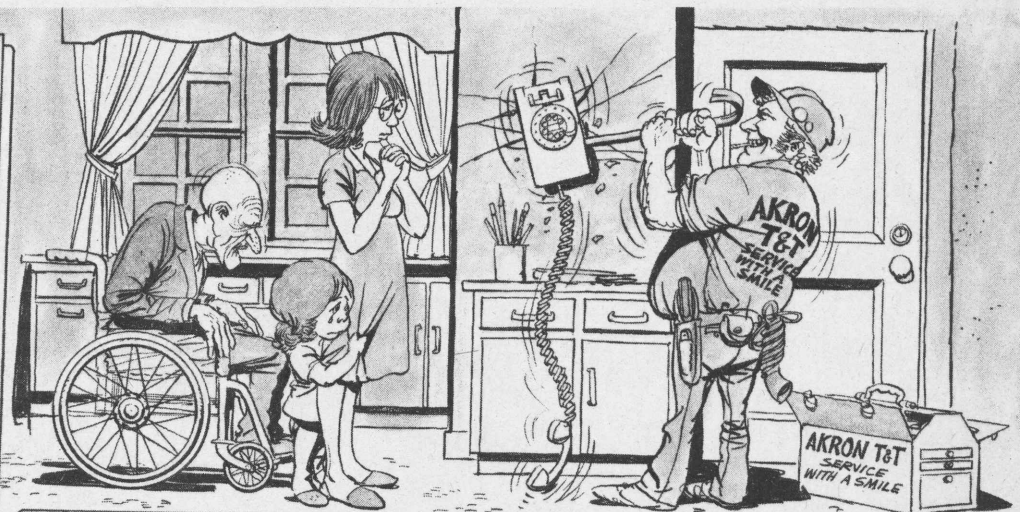
THE DISCONNECTED TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS OF AKRON, OHIO

(As Plaintiff)
vs.

THE DISINTERESTED EMPLOYEES OF THE AKRON TELEPHONE CO.

(As Defendent)

The Charge as Detailed
Herein:
Behaving like a bunch of
\$#%&! for no \$#%&! good reason!



THE AGGRIEVED PLAINTIFFS come now before this court to seek cash judgements from the defendants after suffering suspension of telephone service for any or all of the following invalid reasons:

1. Customer refusal to pay for operator-assisted call to the right number in the wrong code area.
2. Voicing complaint about perpetual monthly charge for Princess phone that was never ordered.
3. Resisting acceptance of collect calls from unknown parties who were trying to reach someone else anyway.
4. Objecting to extra charge for restoration of service after it was disconnected for any of the above listed reasons.



The Superior
Superior Court
Superior, Wisconsin

THE
DISENCHANTED RECENT
GRADUATES OF
HOOHACK COLLEGE

vs.

THE
ADMINISTRATION
AND FACULTY OF
HOOHACK COLLEGE

General Allegations
Brought Forth:
Offering a \$12,000 education
that qualifies students for
\$6,000 jobs.



WHEREAS the plaintiffs have paid exorbitant tuition to sit through such required courses as "Introduction to French Poetry," "Intermediate Anthropology" and "Advanced Urban Problem Solving," and

WHEREAS knowledge acquired in said courses has proved utterly worthless in obtaining better jobs than those available to tenth grade drop-outs,

THE PLAINTIFFS do, therefore, each demand damage payments in the amount of \$20,000 per annum until reaching the normal age of retirement, if they could ever find a decent job to retire from, which they can't.



Overloaded
Circuit Court
Sault Stuck Machines,
Michigan

THE
ALLIANCE OF HARASSED
CREDIT CARD
HOLDERS

in class action against

THE
COMPUTERIZED
CREDIT CARD BILLING
COMPANIES OF
AMERICA

Summary of Charges:
Lots of felonious stuff arising
from defendants' refusal to
admit that their computers are
complete idiots.



AS PARTIAL REPAYMENT for outrages suffered by the plaintiffs at the hands of the defendants, cash awards based on the following schedule are demanded for each proven case of computerized larceny:

1. Plaintiff billed for more than 500 gallons of gasoline, all allegedly pumped into the same car on the same date—\$100.

2. Exorbitant statement presented for motel rooms in a city where the plaintiff has never been—\$150.

3. Automatically placing bills for several credit card holders in the same envelope, and demanding that recipient pay all of them—\$225.

4. Instance of computer adding two single digit numbers together, and getting a total of more than 1,000,000—\$400.

5. Contention that the card holder kept eating the same meal in the same restaurant on the same day until charges exceeded \$500—\$1,000.



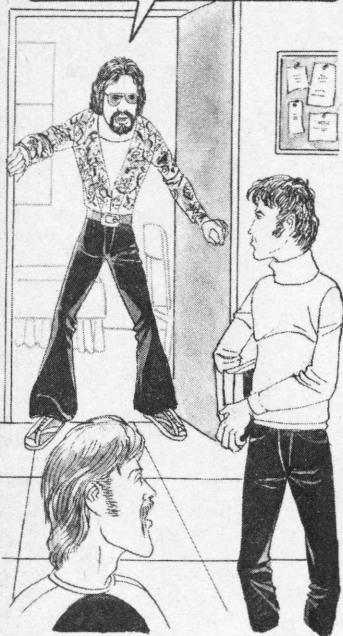
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

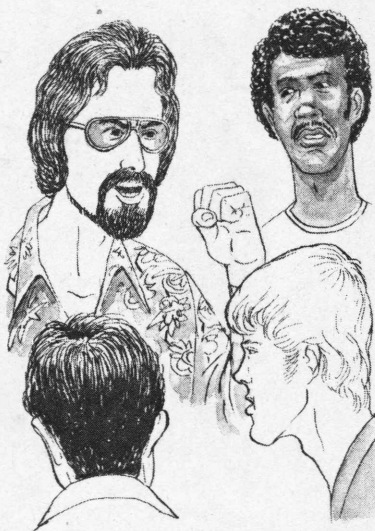
LIVING



**THERE'S A CROOK
IN THIS DORM!!**



My Mother sent me a box of cookies this morning, and some crud stole the whole batch!! Well, the guy that ate them better 'fess up!!



TOGETHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Wow! You're not just preparing dinner! You're making a seven-course banquet!

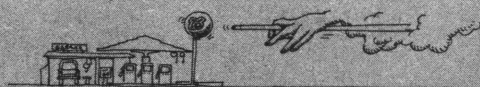
Not exactly! It's just that each member of the family likes different things!

My Husband is a "Steak and Potatoes" man! Nancy is a "Vegetarian"! Leonard is a "Health Food" nut and Alan insists upon eating "Fish"!

And what kind of food do YOU eat??

With THIS family... WHAT ELSE?!

LEFTOVERS!!



WHAT... may I ask... are you doing???

I'm washing out the milk bottles!

And NOW WHAT... may I ask... are you doing?

Putting the caps back on! Then I'll put the bottles outside for the milkman to pick up!

And he's going to bring them back to a bottling plant where they're going to throw away the caps and thoroughly sterilize the bottles!! Do you realize what you're doing is STUPID?

I'd rather YOU think I'm STUPID than the people at the BOTTLING PLANT think I'm a SLOB!!

The telephone and electric bills are overdue, and the checking account is overdrawn! Can't you keep a budget??!

Don't yell at me! With your salary and the constant rise in prices, it's IMPOSSIBLE!!

Look, let's not fight! We're in a financial pickle! We need money fast! Your Father lives with us, and he's got money! Why don't you borrow some?!

Well, okay... I'll try

Pop, I'm really strapped for cash! And I haven't the slightest idea where I'm going to get it from!

Good! I'm glad to hear that!

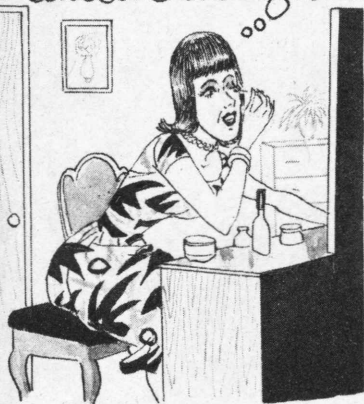
For a minute there, I thought you had some idea you were going to borrow it from ME!

I don't mean to offend, but your Wife isn't a very good HOUSEKEEPER!

Really??! I guess I never noticed! I spend most of my time in my basement workshop!

Actually, I've always thought of her as a NEATNESS NUT!!

Magazine articles advise women to "put the **ROMANCE** back in your marriage! When your **Husband** comes home, don't greet him in curlers and a dirty apron! Look your best for a change!" Well . . . that's exactly what I'm going to do!



Okay!! What's going on?!



OH!! You—you surprised me! You're home early today!!



That's right! And how come I find you all spiffed up?!



I thought I'd try putting the romance back in our marriage!

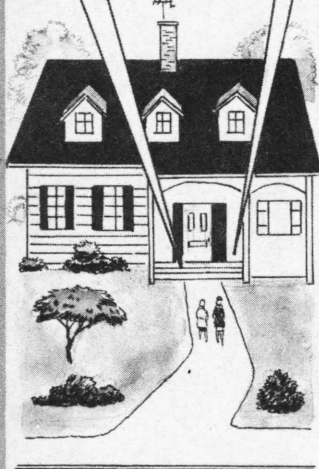


Is that all?! Thank God! For a minute, I thought we were going out to dinner!!



So . . . your children are all grown up and married!

Well—you know how things are these days!



You and your husband must be rattling around in this big house of yours!

There IS a lot of rattling around the house, yes!



But it's our children who are divorced and have moved back in with their children who are doing the rattling around!



Gladys, I am sick and tired of eating **HAMBURGERS!** Just for a change, how about lamb chops for supper tonight?!

Gladys, that dripping kitchen faucet is driving me out of my mind! I wish **SOMEBODY** would put a new washer in it!



Huh?? Hey, what's with them?

They haven't spoken to each other in months! Communication would've broken down altogether if it weren't for Gladys!



Who's Gladys?

Their **TURTLE!**



For the life of me, I can't make up my mind, so you've got to help me! Which one of these swatches for the living room drapes do you like . . . the plaid, the art nouveau or the solid color?

Hmmm!
To tell you the truth, I can't decide!

You can't decide?!? The big businessman who's supposed to be able to make fast, firm decisions?! You CAN'T DECIDE!?

Okay! Okay! You want me to make a fast, firm decision?! Here it is!!

YOU DECIDE!!

GIN!

Again? Nobody can be that lucky!!

Hold it!! Are you accusing me of cheating?!

You bet I am! I don't know how you're doing it, but you are! And I never want to play cards with you again!

. . . Oh, yeah?!? Well, I never want to play cards with a **SORE LOSER** again! I'm going back to my room . . .

. . . so just gi'me my deck of marked cards!

Living with you is maddening!! I work like a dog making you a delicious meal . . . and you come home when you please! Now, it's gonna be **overcooked** because I have to warm it all up again!

And another thing! We have a **HAMPER!** So why don't you **USE** it instead of throwing things all over the floor!

There you go, making noises like a **WIFE** again!

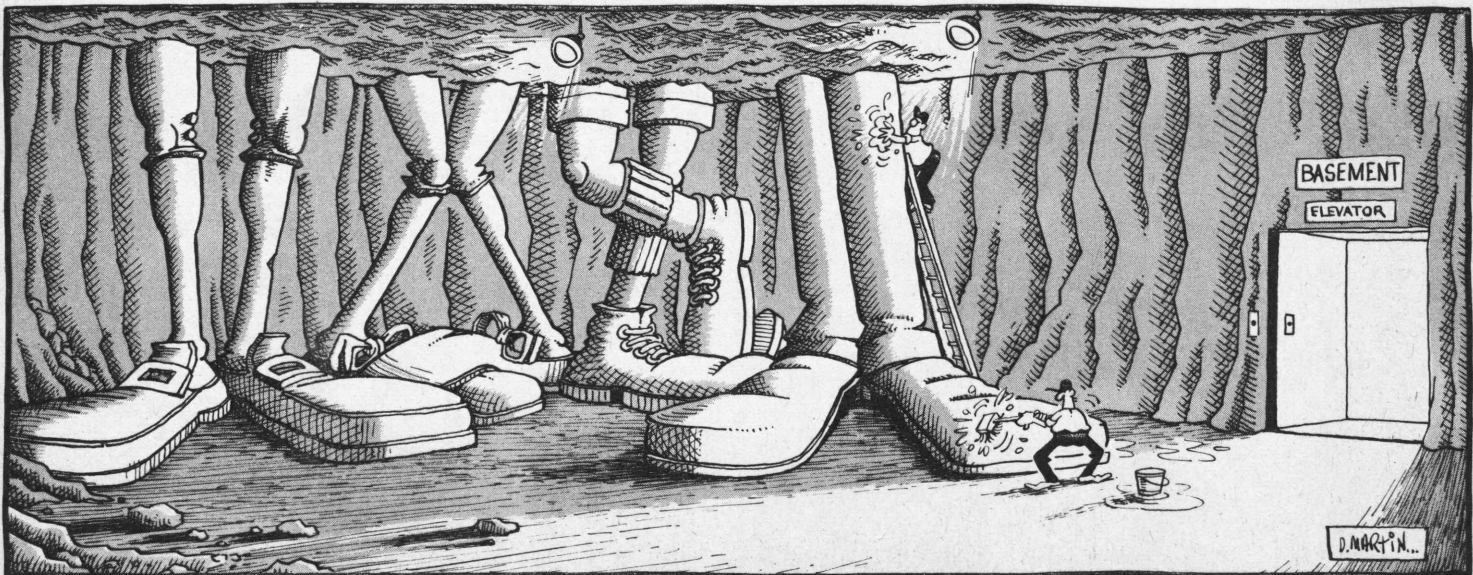
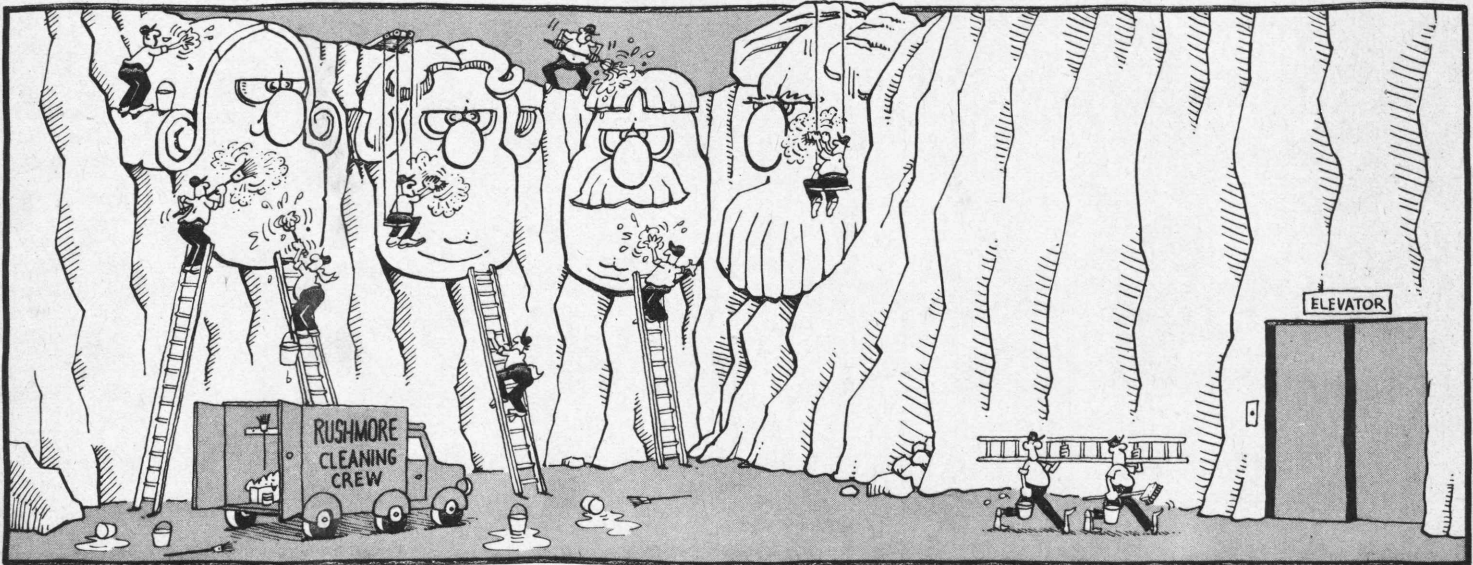
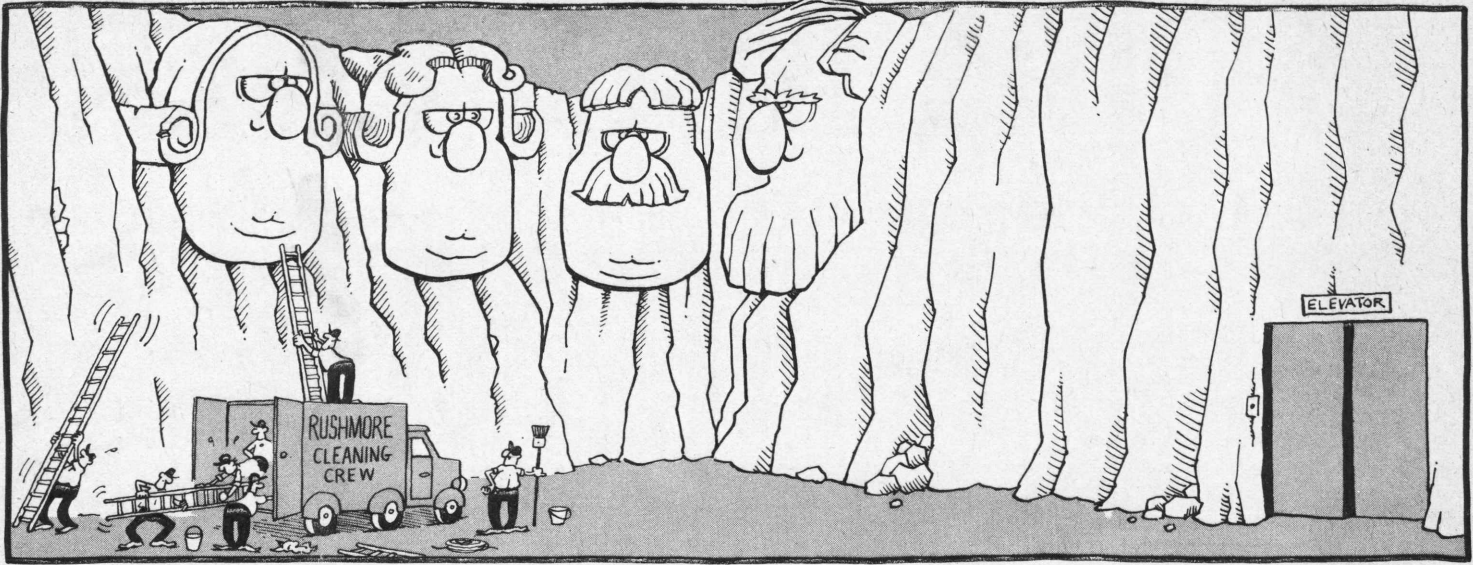
But I **AM** a Wife!

I know!! And if you don't like me the way I am . . .

. . . go back to your **HUSBAND!!**

David Bero

ONE DAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE



IN AN EFFORT TO FIGHT INFLATION, BY SCREWING THE OIL CARTELS

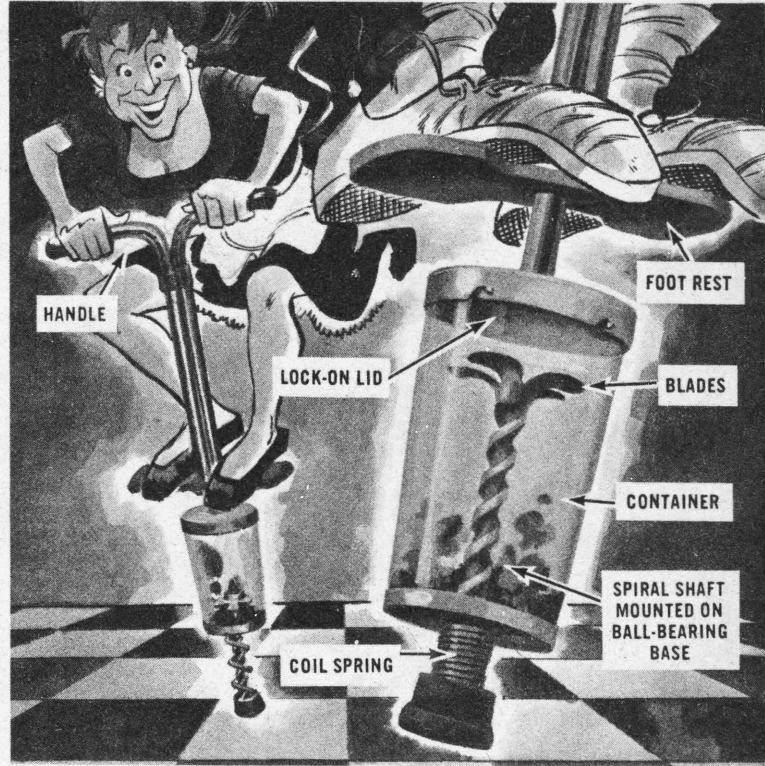
SOME MAD ENERG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

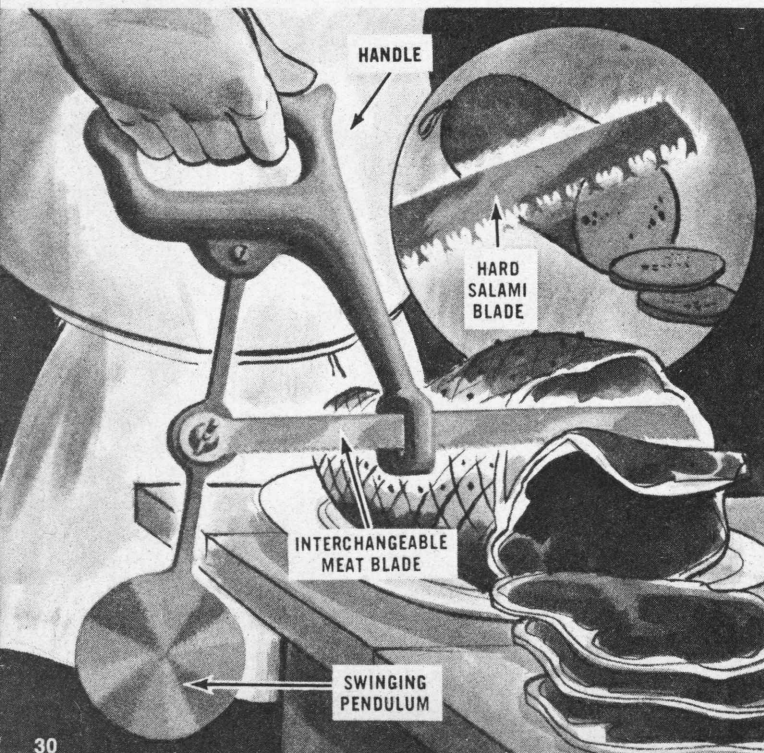
THE WINDMILL-POWERED PENCIL SHARPENER



THE POGO-STICK-ACTIVATED HIGH-SPEED BLENDER



THE PENDULUM-PROPELLED CARVING KNIFE



THE COMBINATION STOOL & WATER PICK



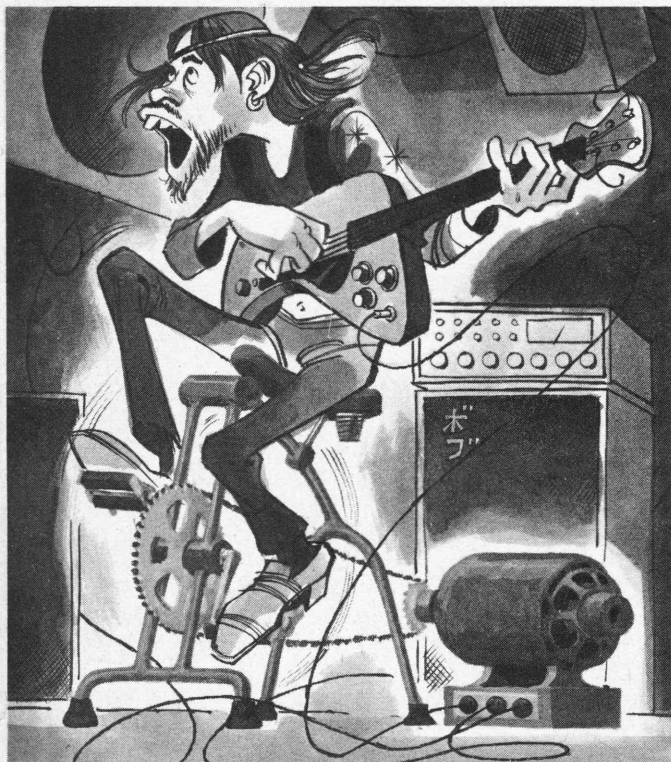


AND THE UTILITY COMPANIES, YOUR IDIOT EDITORS NOW PRESENT ...

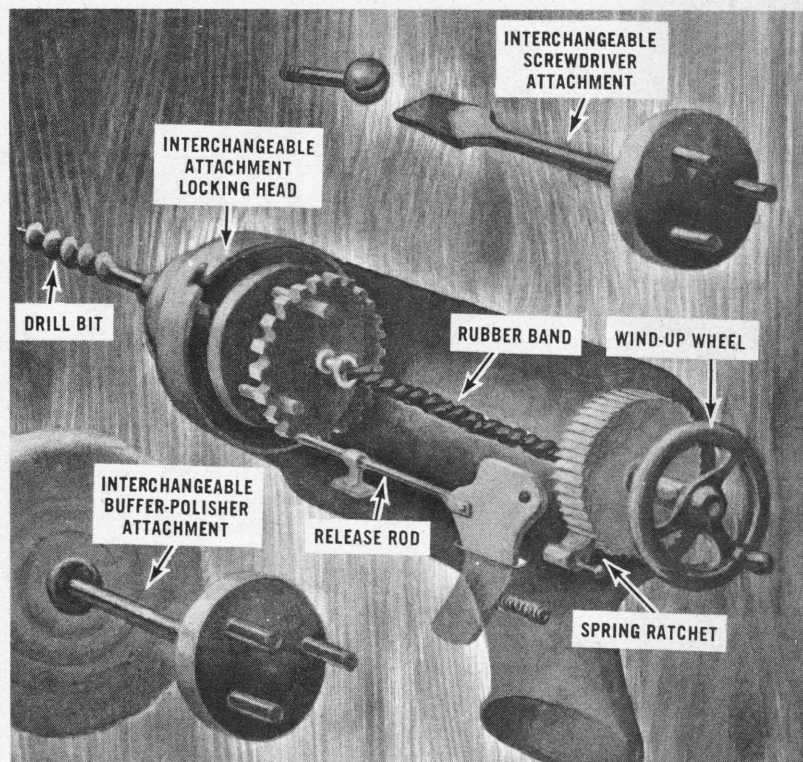
Y-SAVING DEVICES

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

THE SELF-GENERATING ELECTRIC GUITAR



THE WIND-UP RUBBER-BAND-DRIVEN POWER TOOL



THE PUSH-PEDAL-POWERED VACUUM CLEANER



THE SOLAR-ENERGIZED CORDLESS HOT COMB



**HEY, GANG! HELP SPREAD THE
WORD! JOIN THE MAD CAMPAIGN
BY STICKING UP ALL THESE . . .**

**Alfred E. Neuman
for President
STICKERS**

THAT WE'VE STUCK YOU WITH!

AND YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN STICK 'EM!

(On walls and doors in public places, idiot!)



VOTE MAD



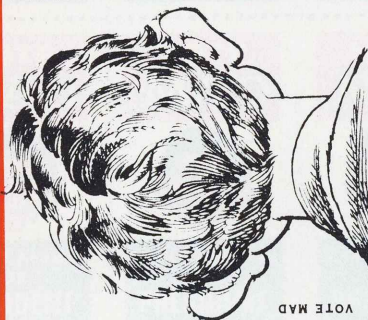
**YOUNG!
ENERGETIC!
CONFIDENT!
CHARISMATIC!
HANDSOME!**

ALFRED E. NEUMAN
for PRESIDENT

Alfred E. Neuman for President

**DON'T WASTE YOUR VOTE ON A
REPUBLICAN OR A DEMOCRAT!!**

**WASTE IT BY
VOTING FOR:
ALFRED E.
NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**



**THE ONE CANDIDATE WHO
MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD—
ABOUT THE OTHER CANDIDATES!**



ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

A caricature of a young boy with large ears and a wide smile. The boy has brown, wavy hair and is looking directly at the viewer. The drawing is done in a classic, illustrative style with soft shading.

VOTE MAD

SURE HE'S DUMB! BUT NAME SOMETHING SMART THAT THE *OTHERS* HAVE DONE!

**Alfred
E.
Neuman
★ for ★
President**



A colorful illustration of a young boy with brown hair, smiling broadly. His face is covered in red paint splatters, particularly around his eyes and cheek. He is wearing a bright yellow sweater. His hands are raised in front of him, palms facing forward, as if he is playfully showing off or gesturing. In the background, there are some papers and a whole carrot with green leaves, suggesting a school or home setting. The style is a soft, painterly illustration.

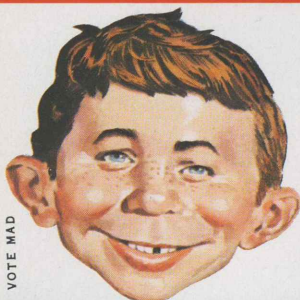
VOTE MAD

W.I.N.
(Write In Neuman)
IN 1980!



Alfred E. Neuman
for PRESIDENT
VOTE MAD

**WE'VE ALWAYS HAD AN
UNBALANCED BUDGET!
WHY NOT A MATCHING
CHIEF EXECUTIVE?!**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

**FOREIGN POWERS HAVE
DAMAGED US ENOUGH!
WHY NOT DAMAGE OUR-
SELVES FOR A CHANGE!**



Alfred E.
★ Neuman ★
for President
VOTE MAD

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
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PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



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**VOTE
MAD**



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**VOTE
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**VOTE
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**VOTE
MAD**



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**VOTE
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**VOTE
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**VOTE
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**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

Phony Perforation ← Cut With Scissors

Phony Perforation ← Cut With Scissors

Phony Perforation ← Cut With Scissors

**Bring Back The
Know-Nothing Party!**



**Alfred E. Neuman
for President**

VOTE MAD

**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

VOTE MAD



**HE UNDERSTANDS MINORITIES!
MAINLY, THE LUNATIC FRINGE!**

**AMERICA IS ON THE
BRINK OF RUIN! LET
HIM FINISH THE JOB!**



**Alfred E. Neuman
for President**

**PUT SOME "SAP"
INTO THE
EXECUTIVE BRANCH**

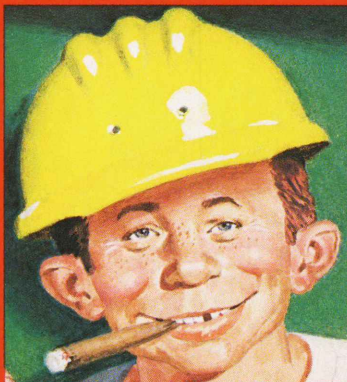
VOTE MAD



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

VOTE MAD



**IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN
DO FOR OUR ENEMIES!**

**We Don't Have Nixon To
Kick Around Any More!
That's Why We Need ...**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

VOTE MAD

**"A CAR IN EVERY POT ... A
CHICKEN IN EVERY GARAGE!"**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

VOTE MAD

**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**



**YOU COULD DO WORSE!
And Lots Of Times, You DID!**

VOTE MAD

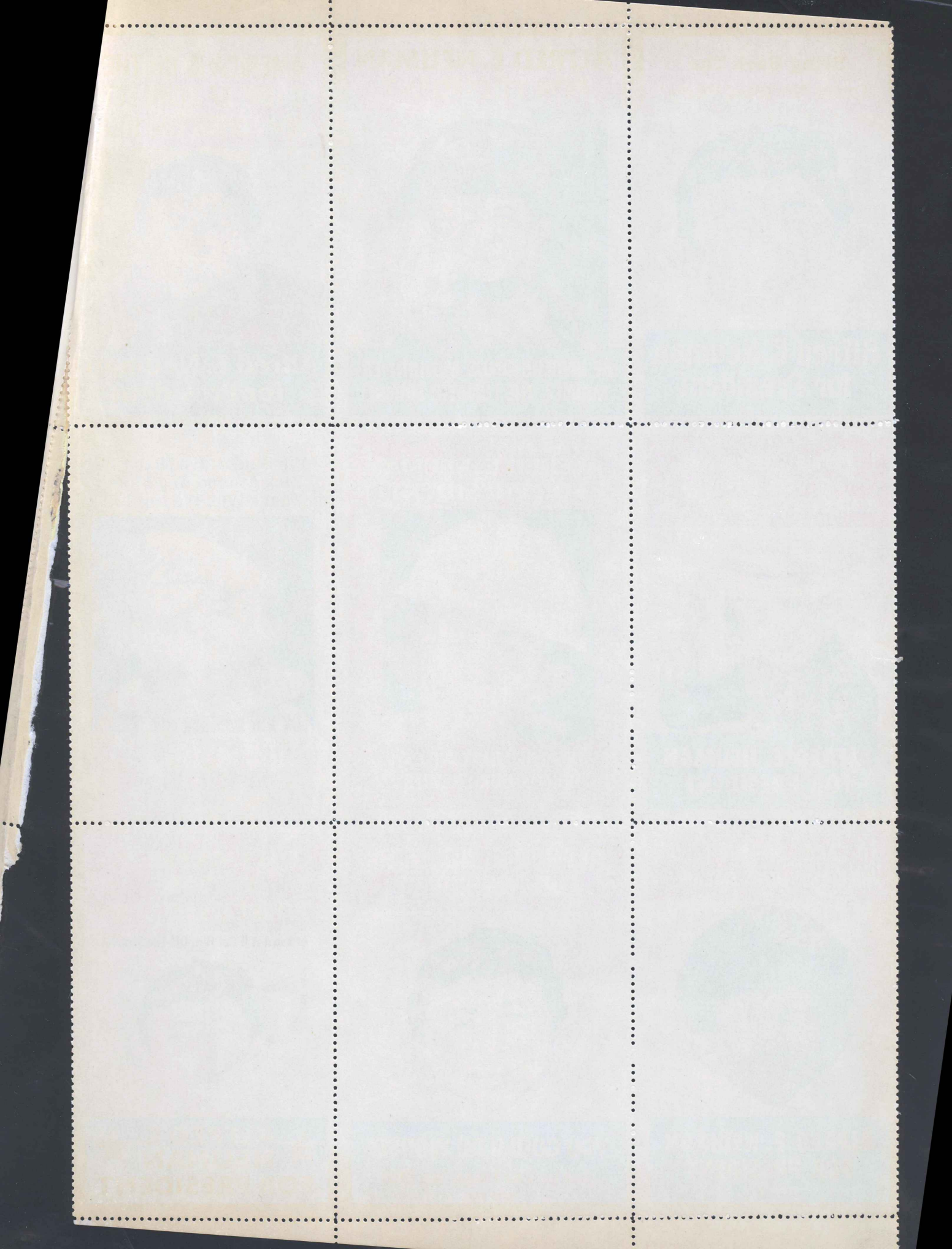
**PUT ALFRED
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE!**

At Least It'll Get Him Off The Streets!

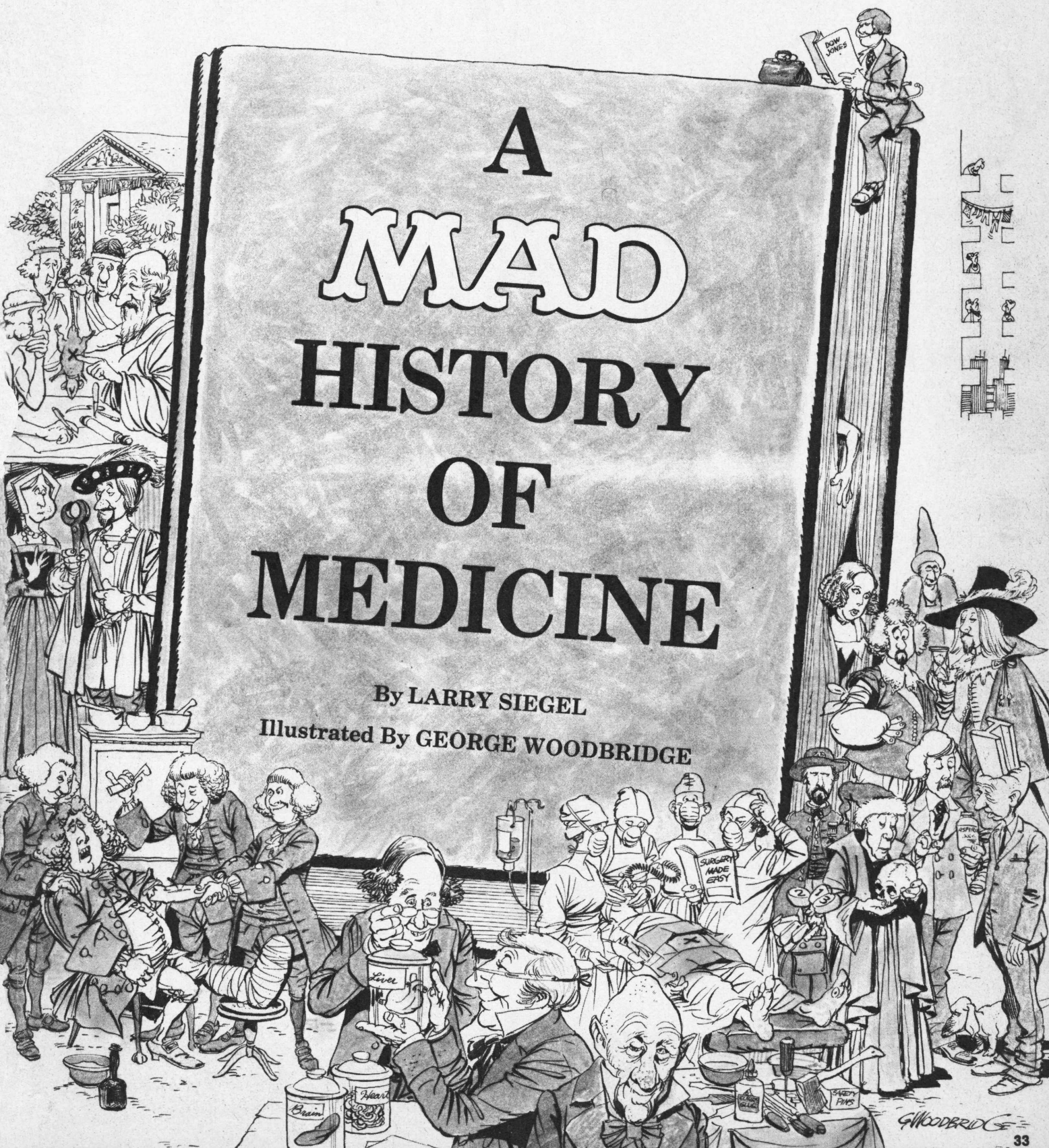
VOTE MAD



**★ ALFRED E. ★
NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**



As we all know, it's only a matter of time before Hollywood comes up with "The Godfather—Part III". But before they do, we thought we'd beat them to the punch with our own story of a vicious group of men who have been bleeding mankind dry, slaughtering innocent people by the thousands, and ripping off millions and millions of dollars. It's all there—and more—in



CHAPTER 1—How Medicine Began

In prehistoric times, medicine was almost unnecessary. First of all, very few people had childhood diseases. There was a reason for this: very few people had childhoods. The average life expectancy of a caveman was 4½. Still, when you stop to consider what they did all day was grunt, live in dirt, and be chased by saber-toothed tigers, things could have been worse. Their average life expectancy could have been 5.



For another thing, life was so rotten and miserable for those cavemen who lived longer than 4½ years that they welcomed things like illness because it made them feel better. Among the preoccupations they eagerly looked forward to, to take their minds off their problems, were the thrill of an upset stomach, the excitement of bronchitis, and the joy of psoriasis.

One night, at a wild party in a neighborhood cave, as everybody was vomiting and coughing and scratching and having a whale of a time, a caveman named Xlbts suddenly stood up and shocked everyone by saying, "Hey gang, you know something? This is no fun!" For a moment there was stunned silence. Then the cave leader, Shmuttz, said, "There's gotta be a dry blanket in every crowd!" And he proceeded to punch Xlbts in the mouth for six hours, which almost made him miss vomiting and coughing and scratching for a while.

On the following day the still unhappy Xlbts went to see the wisest caveman in the village, the ancient and venerable Oooock (who was almost 14), and said to him, "Oh wise and ancient one, I have an upset stomach, bronchitis, and psoriasis, and I am not happy with them! What shall I do?"

The venerable sage pontificated for a while, rubbing his ancient acned chin and stroking the aging baby fat around his neck. Then he finally spoke his now immortal words, "Take two lizards and call me in the morning!"

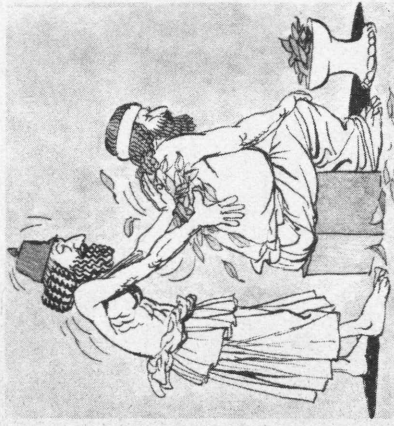
And so on that historic day the medical profession was born. And on the following day its first patient died. A combination, as we are about to see, which will go hand in hand through the centuries that follow.



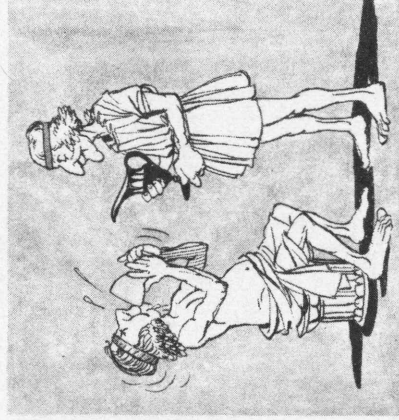
A typical courtship scene in prehistoric times. This practice led to two common medical problems of cave people: sprained wrists and premature baldness (among women).

CHAPTER 2—Early Advances of Medicine

After the caveman days, medical science progressed slowly through the centuries until three dramatic discoveries took place in ancient Macedonia, which were to change the face of mankind.



In 341 B.C. a physician named Schnorr was experimenting with revolutionary new ingredients, and while massaging one of his patients, came up with an important discovery: the healing potentialities of herbs and plants. A short while later, his patient came up with another important discovery: neck-to-crotch poison ivy.



In 180 B.C. a doctor named Glockk, deeply moved by the heart-breaking cries of his mortally ill patient, made a desperate decision to save his life, and gave the patient a potent concoction of bitters to drink. And dramatically, in one fell swoop, Glockk created the world's first medicine . . . and also the world's first drunk. Unfortunately the patient died a few hours later. But now he couldn't care less.



Finally in 73 B.C., a physician named Sifg made a momentous scientific breakthrough when he found that, by placing leeches on the infected area of a patient, they would suck out the bad properties of the blood. (Note: for further information on blood-sucking leeches, see Chapter 27 . . . PREPARING THE 20TH CENTURY MEDICAL BILL)

CHAPTER 3—The Medicine Man

Not too many years later in early Africa, a new kind of physician came into his own. He was called a Medicine Man. The Medicine Man was a dedicated surgeon, a great healer, and a dancing fool.

We will now study some of the fascinating surgical techniques of the early Medicine Man:

THE BRAIN TUMOR SHUFFLE



Patient was placed in a supine position on the operating grass. The surgeon made four deft incisions in the grass with his toes, and then danced around the patient's head.

THE APPENDICITIS SHIMMY



Again, patient was placed on his back, and this time the surgeon danced around on his right side. In the event of sudden complications like a ruptured appendix, surgeon would usually call in three extra dancers.

THE HEMORRHOID HUSTLE



The patient was placed in a prostrate position on the operating grass, and the surgeon performed a complicated dance on the afflicted area. While this was often a very painful operation, it could be worse. (See "The Emergency Double-Hernia Stomp").

THE MAKE-OUT MAMBO



Note: This is not an operation. Dammit, even doctors have to have fun some time!

CHAPTER 4—Medicine In The Middle Ages

By the time the Middle Ages had arrived, medicine and particularly surgery—had made enormous strides. While the Medicine Man still practiced his art, more sophisticated and effective methods of surgery were developed. Namely, surgical instruments. Oddly enough, however, in the 15th and 16th centuries, surgery was usually performed by Barbers.



Having Barbers perform surgery led to some confusing results at times. For example, in this instance, it was hard to tell whether the Barber was performing the world's first successful head transplant . . . or had just given the world's shortest haircut.

In 1540 King Henry VIII of Great Britain indirectly became the Father of Modern Surgery when he issued a decree that henceforth all Barbers would stick exclusively to cutting hair. And so surgery was taken out of the hands of the Barber and given to the man who still performs it to this very day—the Butcher.

CHAPTER 5—Medicine In The 19th Century

Medicine continued to progress through the years. But in many cases, doctors were scarce and hard to reach, particularly among 19th century American pioneers. They were often forced to treat their own illnesses. This gave rise to some ingenious home remedies.

For example, to cure earaches among children, the pioneers would squeeze out the juice of tobacco leaves and pour it into the affected areas. This usually cleared up the ailment, but unfortunately a side effect often developed—namely, early nicotine addiction. And it wasn't unusual for pioneer parents to catch six-year-old children behind the woodsheds with cigarettes in their ears.

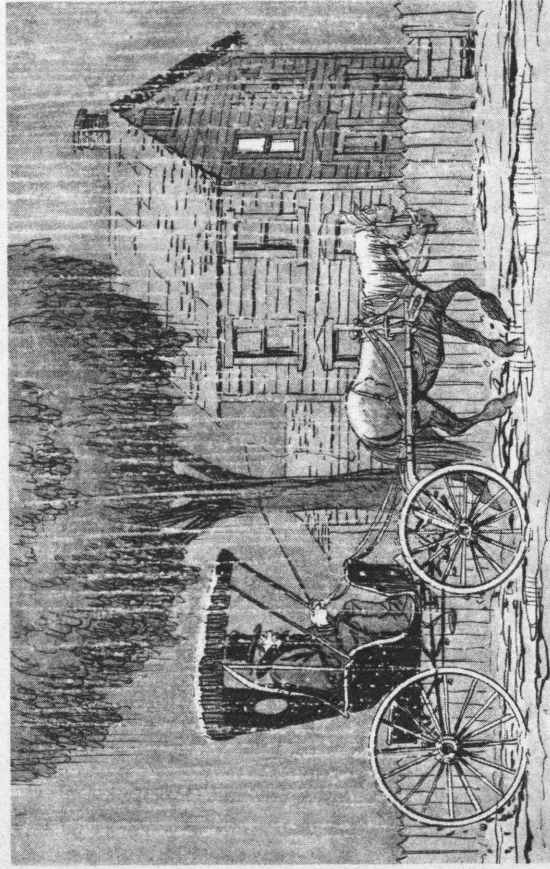
Other quaint household remedies used by pioneers included goose grease, mustard plaster, oil of cloves, powdered cinnamon, turpentine, and driving a wooden stake through the patient's heart. (Note: The last remedy seldom cured diseases; on the bright side, however, pioneer families were seldom bothered by vampires).



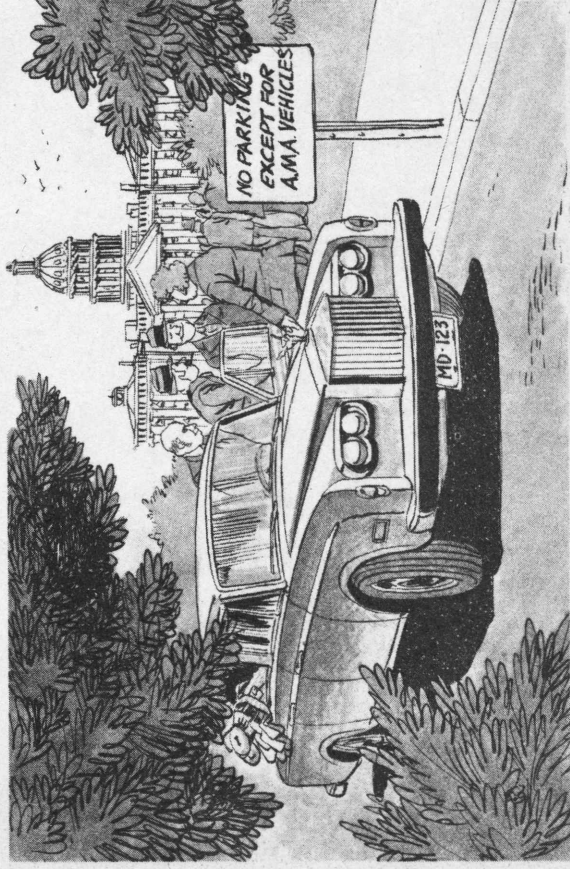
Here we see a typical pioneer woman, with her entire body covered with a repulsive mixture of mashed onions and hog's lard, a string of garlic buds around her neck, and a dirty sock tied around each wrist. Note: This woman wasn't actually sick. She just couldn't stand her husband. (See Chapter 31—Other Unusual Birth Control Devices.)

CHAPTER 6—Modern Medicine

In this century alone tremendous changes have taken place in the medical profession. The following illustrations indicate only one of many examples:



Here we see a typical Doctor of the early 1900's making a house call.



Here we see some typical doctors of today making a House call. After this they will make a Senate call. As usual, the A.M.A. will get what they want, even if it kills us!

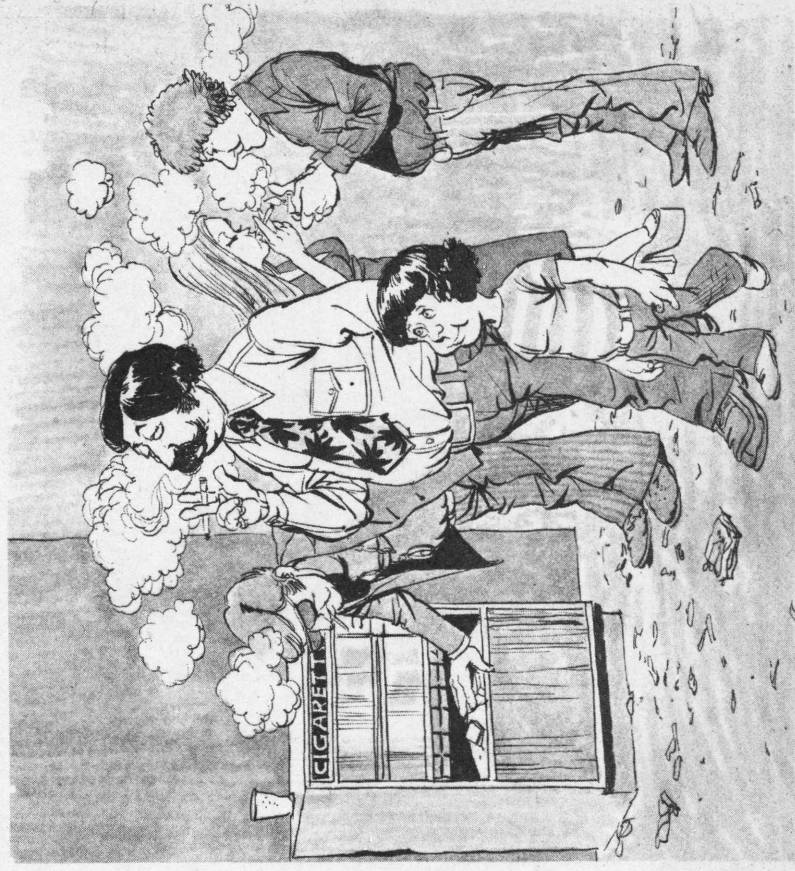
But all in all, modern medicine has really come into its own as a great, life-saving science in the 20th century.

For instance, the refinement and perfection of the X-ray has enabled physicians to practically wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases. Even more exciting things are promised for the future, as soon as medical men can find a cure for the many additional cases of cancer that occur as a result of the excessive use of X-rays to wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases.

But that's not all. The miracle drug penicillin has succeeded in saving almost as many lives as those lost by people who are violently allergic to such miracle drugs as penicillin.

And still we move triumphantly ahead with our cures. There is open heart surgery and pacemaker implants . . . not to mention the countless diseased hearts that have been replaced by healthy ones. The fantastic results of heart transplantation are widely acclaimed. And they would be trumpeted even louder if the recipients of new hearts were alive today to talk about it.

Finally, and perhaps as important as anything else, has been the great new trust and interest people now have in medical science. For instance more people than ever before are reading about the Surgeon General's edict that cigarette smoking is hazardous to our health. How do we know this to be true? Because never before in our history have more cigarette packs with this message been sold.



CHAPTER 7-

In the 5th century before Christ, the Hippocratic Oath was established as a model for the behavior of the medical profession. In closing out our book, it might be interesting to look at the original Hippocratic Oath and marvel at

Now being admitted to the profession of medicine, I solemnly pledge to consecrate my life to the service of humanity.¹

I will give respect and gratitude to my deserving teachers.² I will practice medicine with conscience and dignity.³

The health and life of my patient will be my first consideration.⁴ I will hold in confidence all that my patient confides in me.⁵

I will maintain the honor and noble traditions of the medical profession.⁶ My col-

1. while making tons of money and beating off pushy, marriageable broads with my stethoscope.

2. and carry on the fine tradition of keeping minority groups out of our medical schools.

3. and go on strike only when malpractice rates rise due to the rank incompetence of 75% of the members of my profession.

4. providing he can get to my office with 106 degrees temperature on a day when I'm not playing golf.

5. unless if, in a lawsuit, the other side is willing to shell out more money.

6. never padding a Medicare bill by more than \$100, except for patients over 62 years of age.

Medical Integrity

the fact that except for a few minor additions in recent years (as indicated in the numbered footnotes below) physicians of today are still adhering to a noble medical code almost twenty five centuries old:

leagues will be as my brothers.⁷

I will not permit considerations of race, religion, nationality, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient.⁸

I will maintain the utmost respect for human life from the time of its conception.⁹

Even under threat I will not use my knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity.¹⁰

These promises I make freely and upon my honor.¹¹

7. and if I'm ever needed to give emergency life or death advice, my answering service will always be available to them.

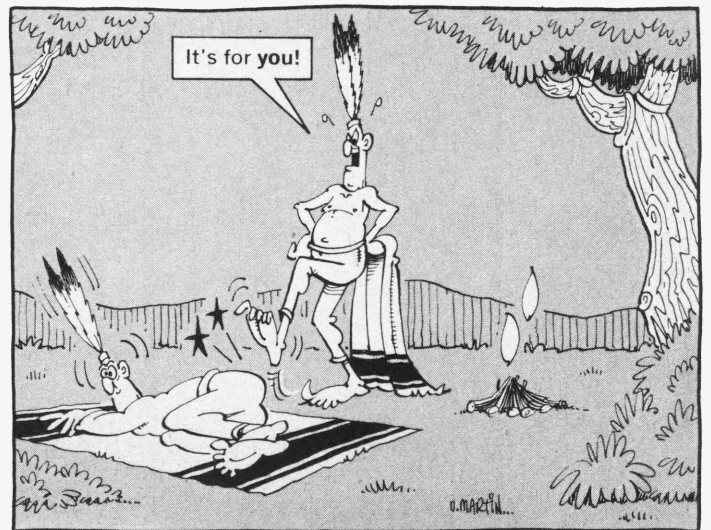
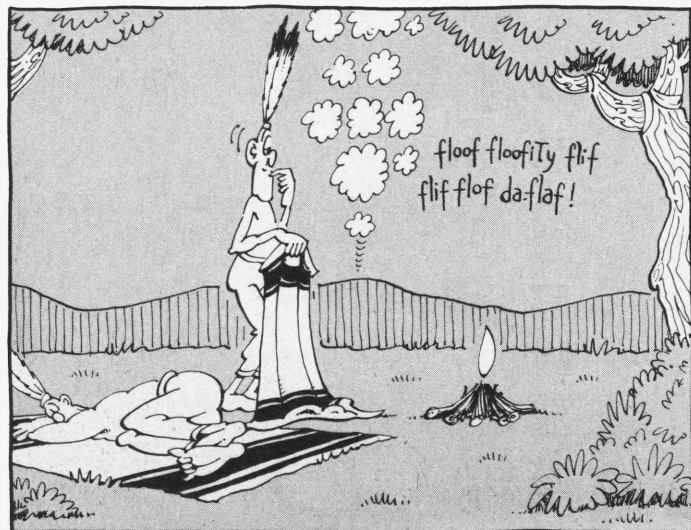
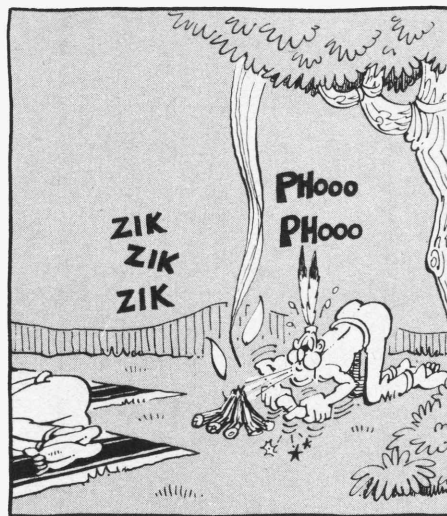
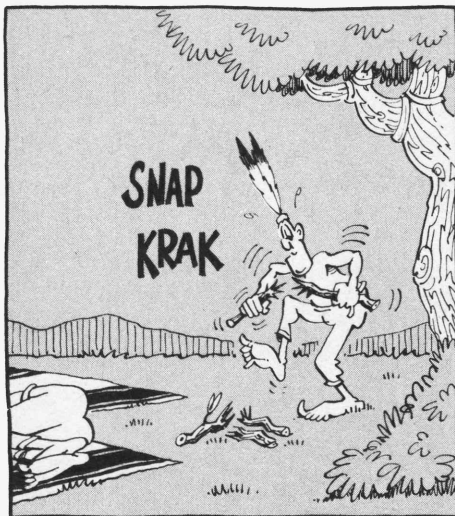
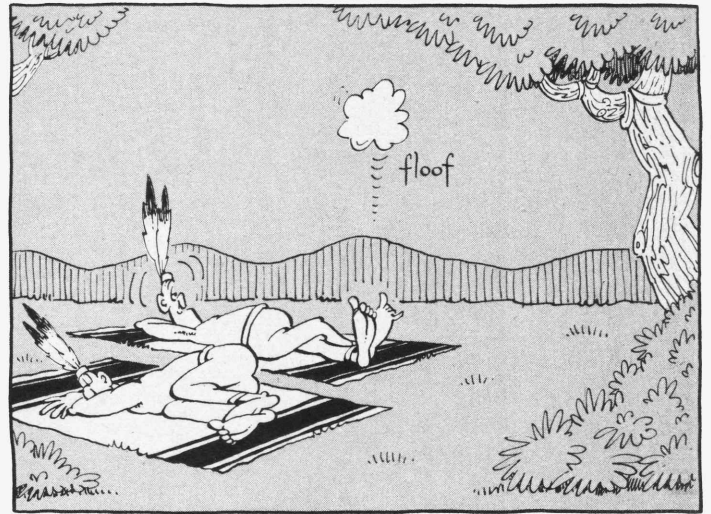
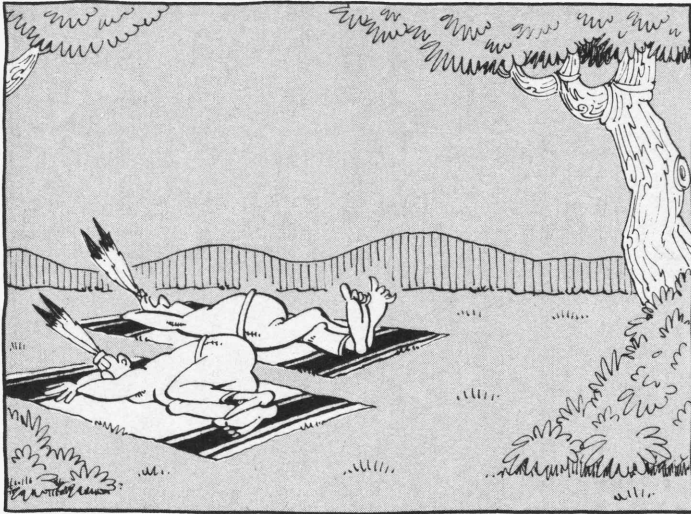
8. see Footnote #2.

9. and only perform neat, clean abortions.

10. realizing full well that doctoring X-ray plates for phony accident victims is very much a part of today's humanity.

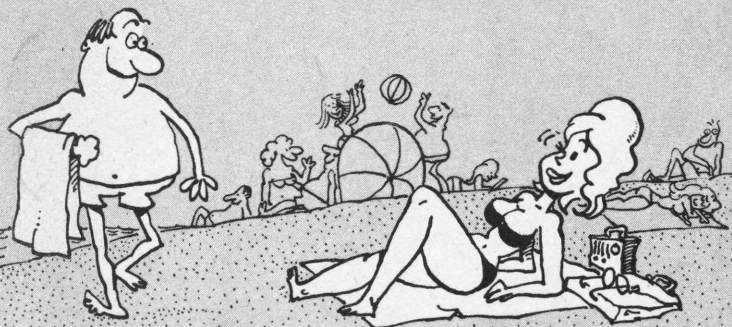
11. and in closing I would like to say that as a physician I will never take myself too seriously or over-emphasize my humble position in this world—so help me, **Me!**

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE BLACK HILLS OF S. DAKOTA

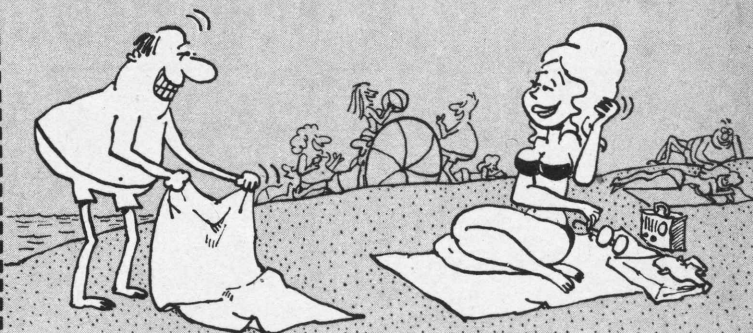


A MAD LOOK AT

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2



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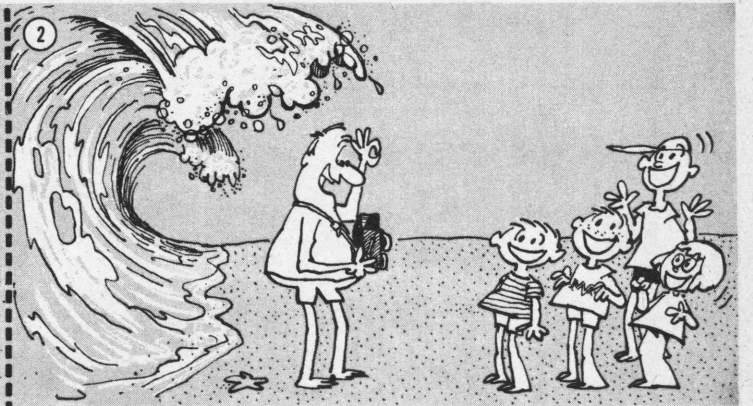
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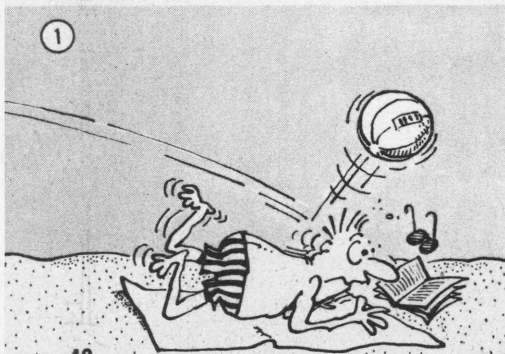
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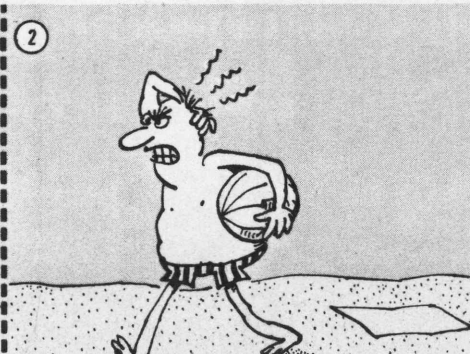
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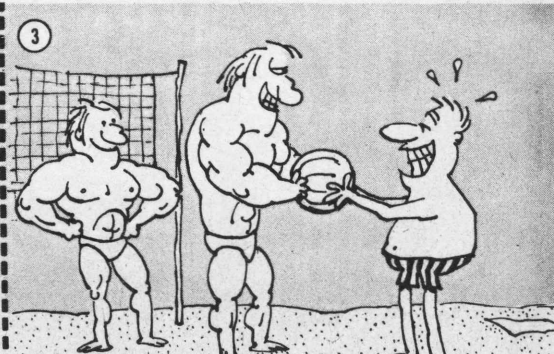
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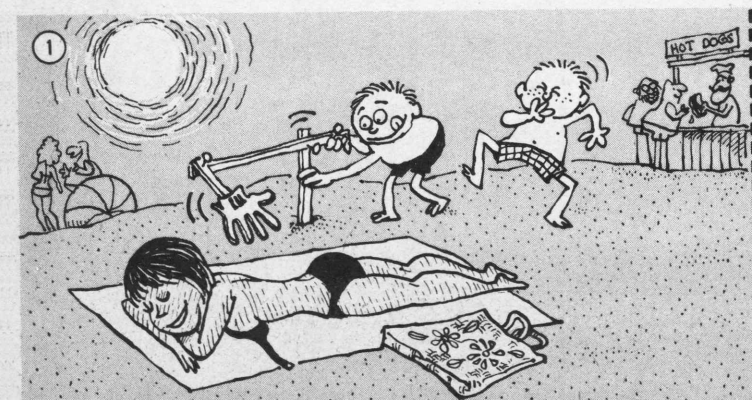
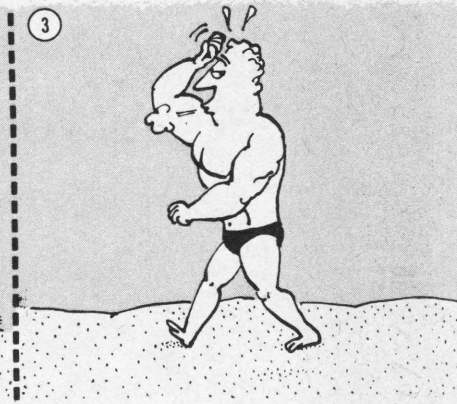
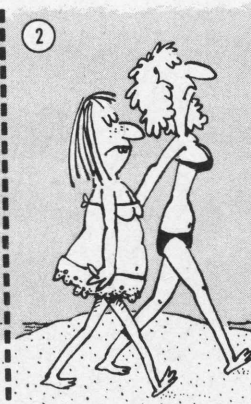
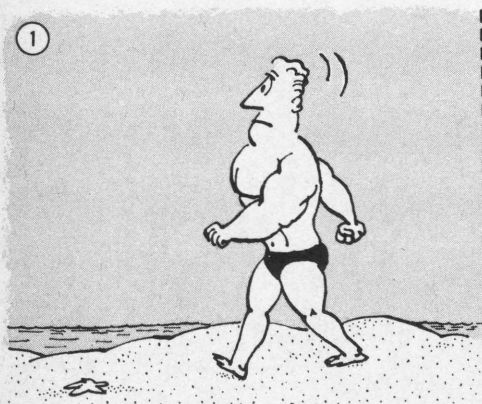
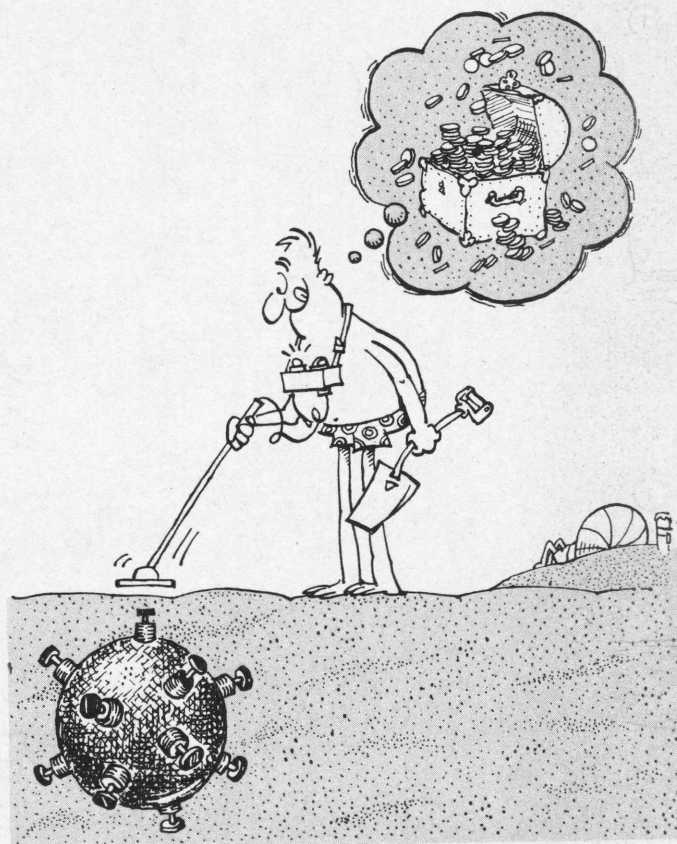


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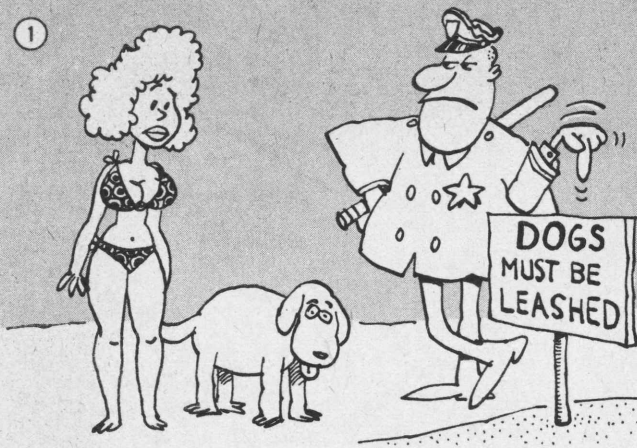


THE BEACH

ARTIST & WRITER:
SERGIO ARAGONES



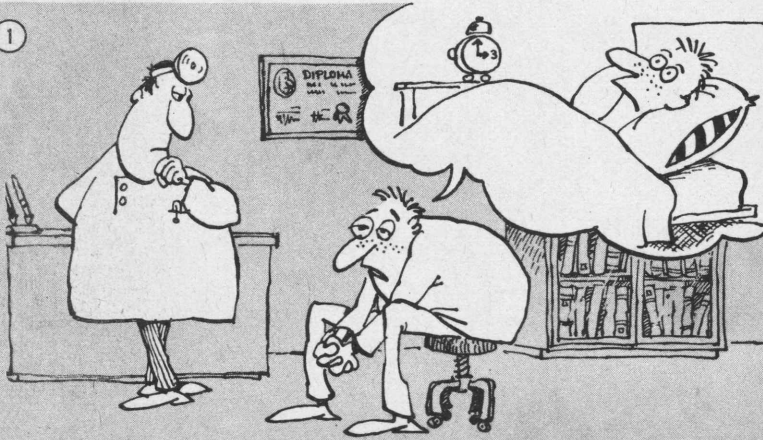
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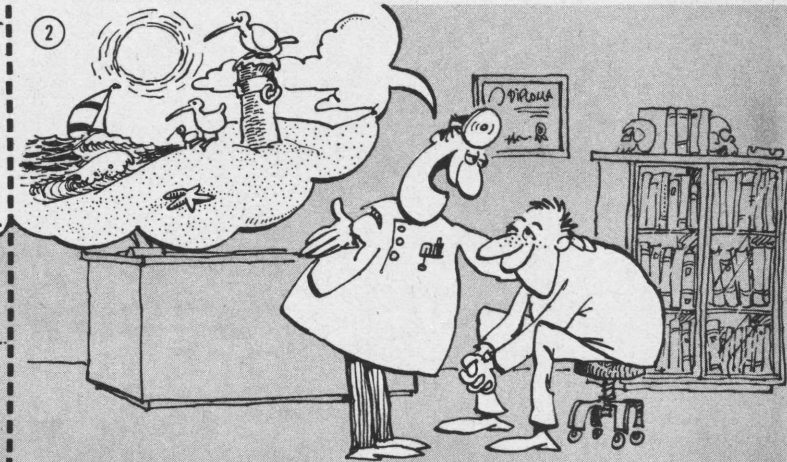
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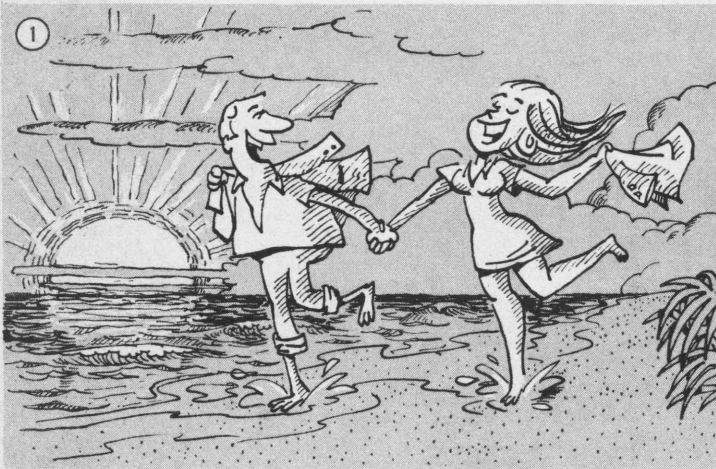
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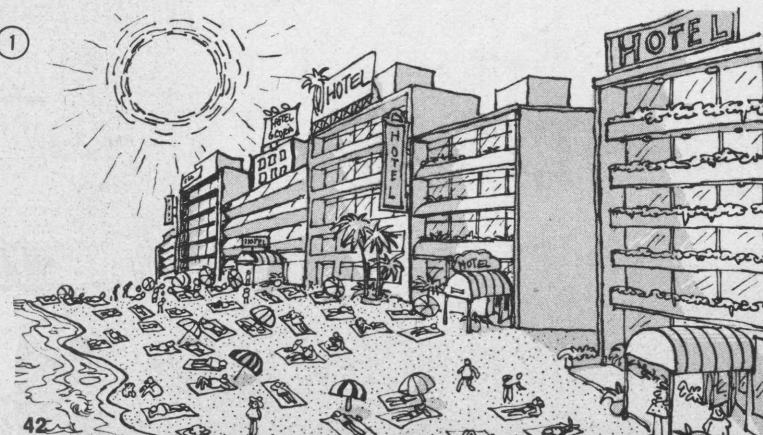
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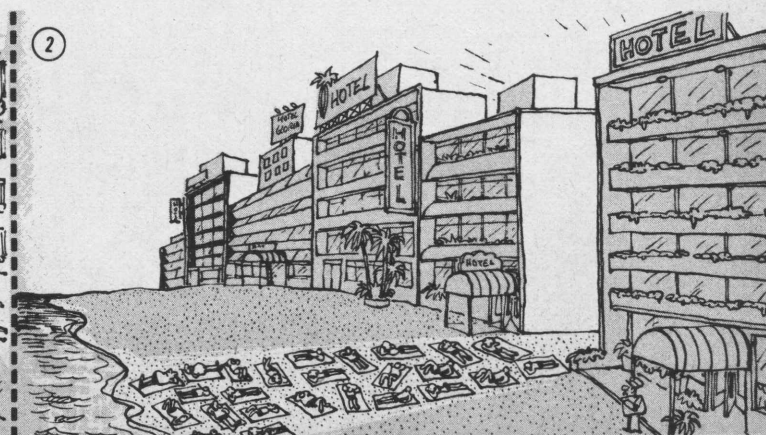
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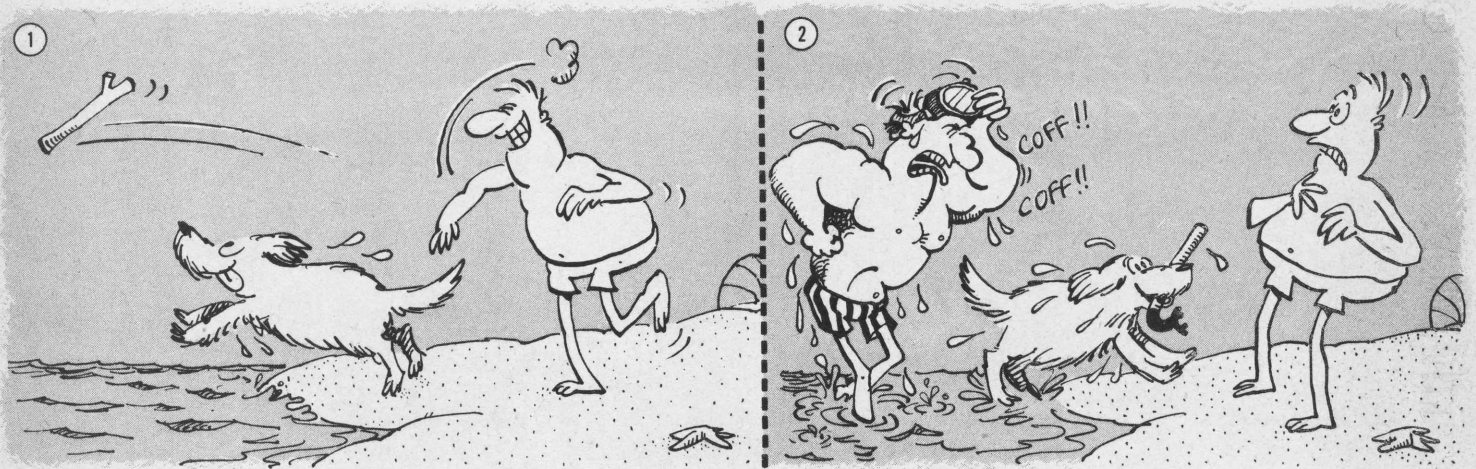
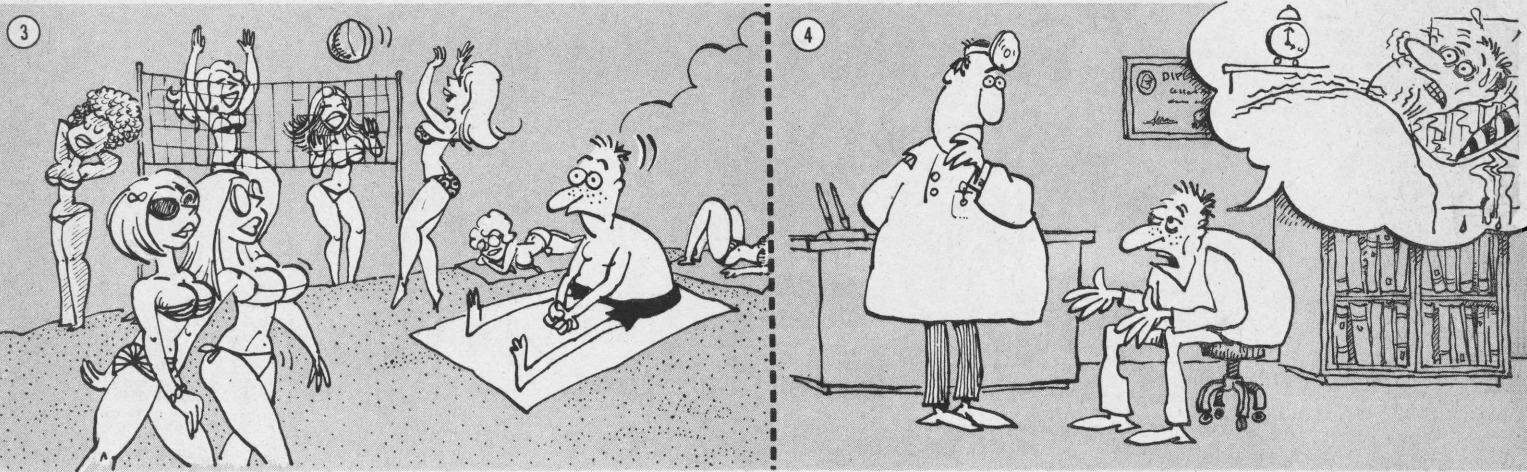
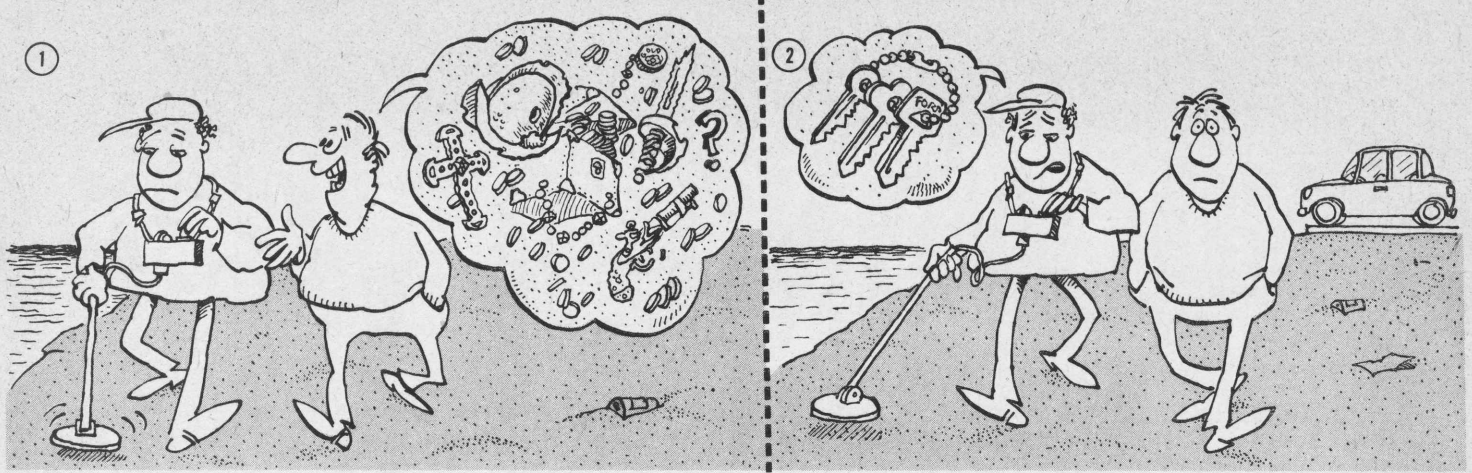


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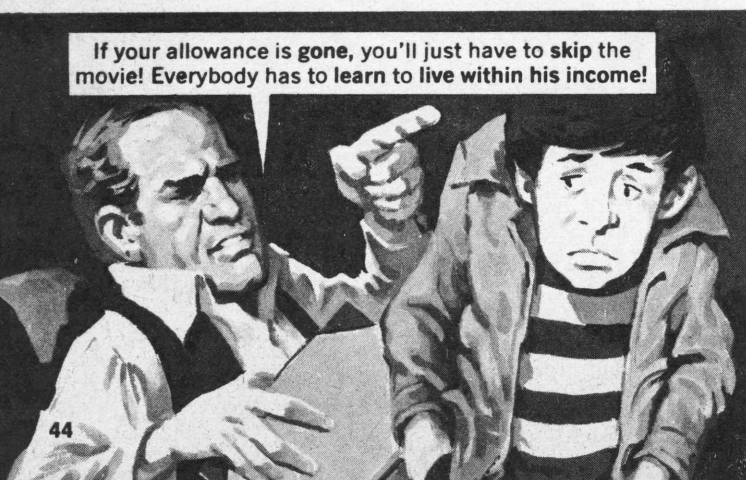
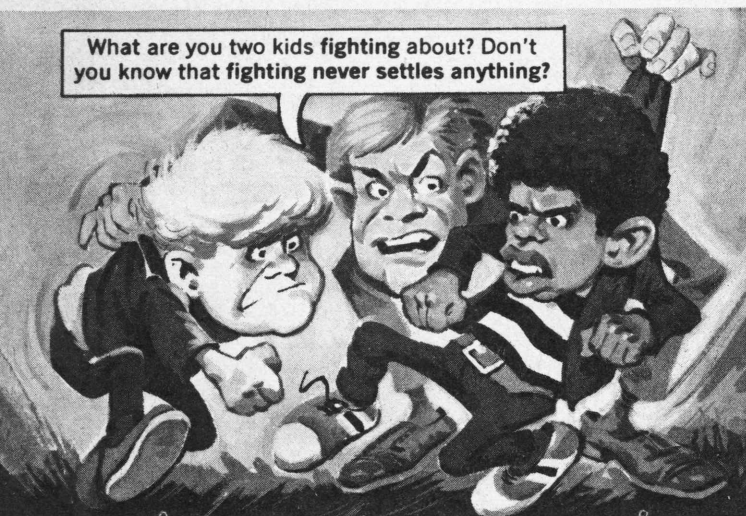


DOUBLE-STANDARD BARERS DEPT.

WE'RE SURE OUR PARENTS AND TEACHERS MEAN WELL WHEN THEY LECTURE US, BUT AFTER LISTENING

NO WONDER WE'RE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

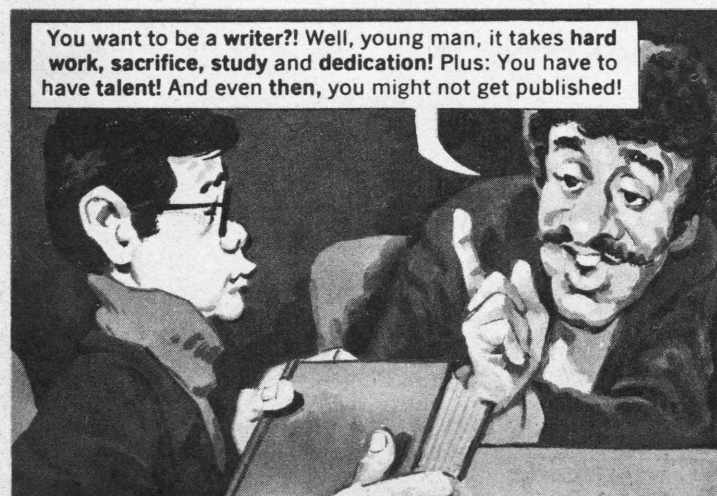
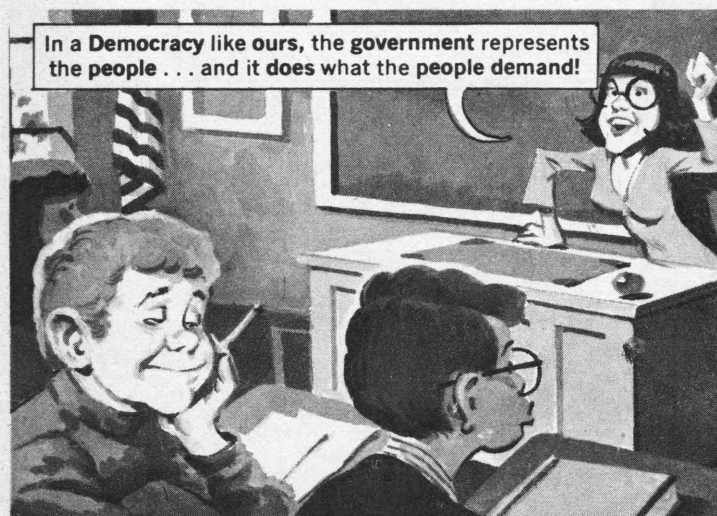
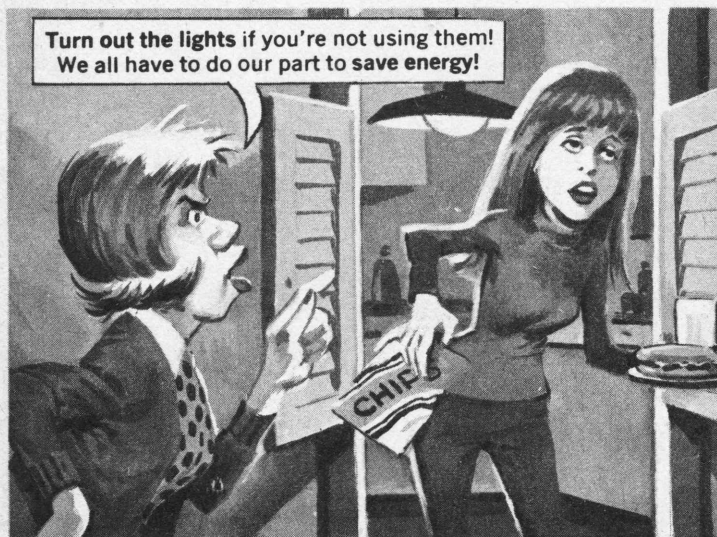


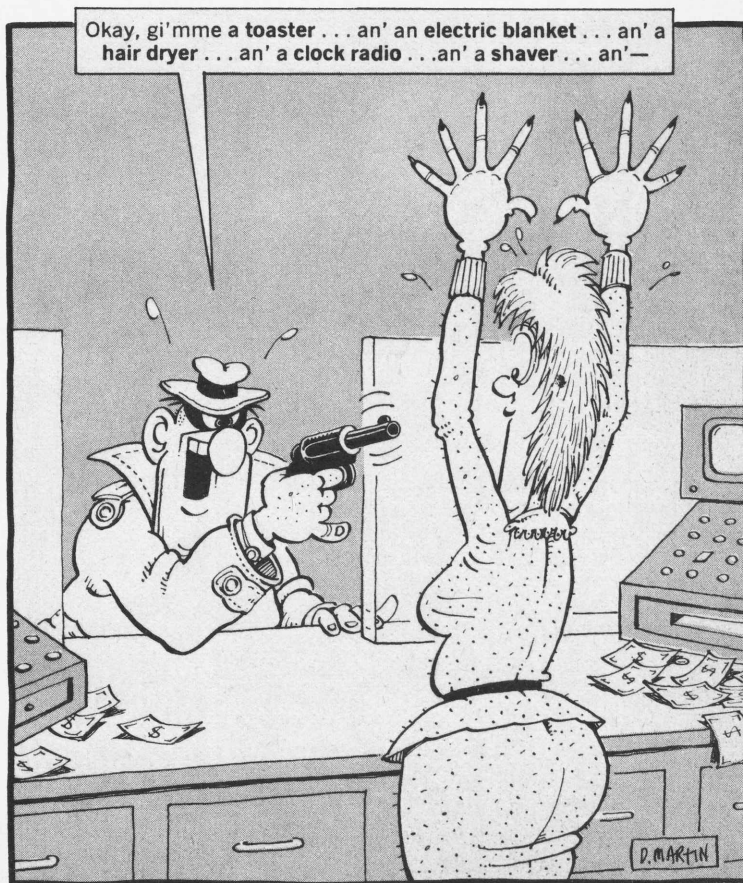


TO THEM AND THEN READING THE WAY IT REALLY IS IN THE NEWSPAPER, ALL WE CAN SAY IS . . .

ALL SCREWED UP!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE IDEA BY: ALIS ELLIS





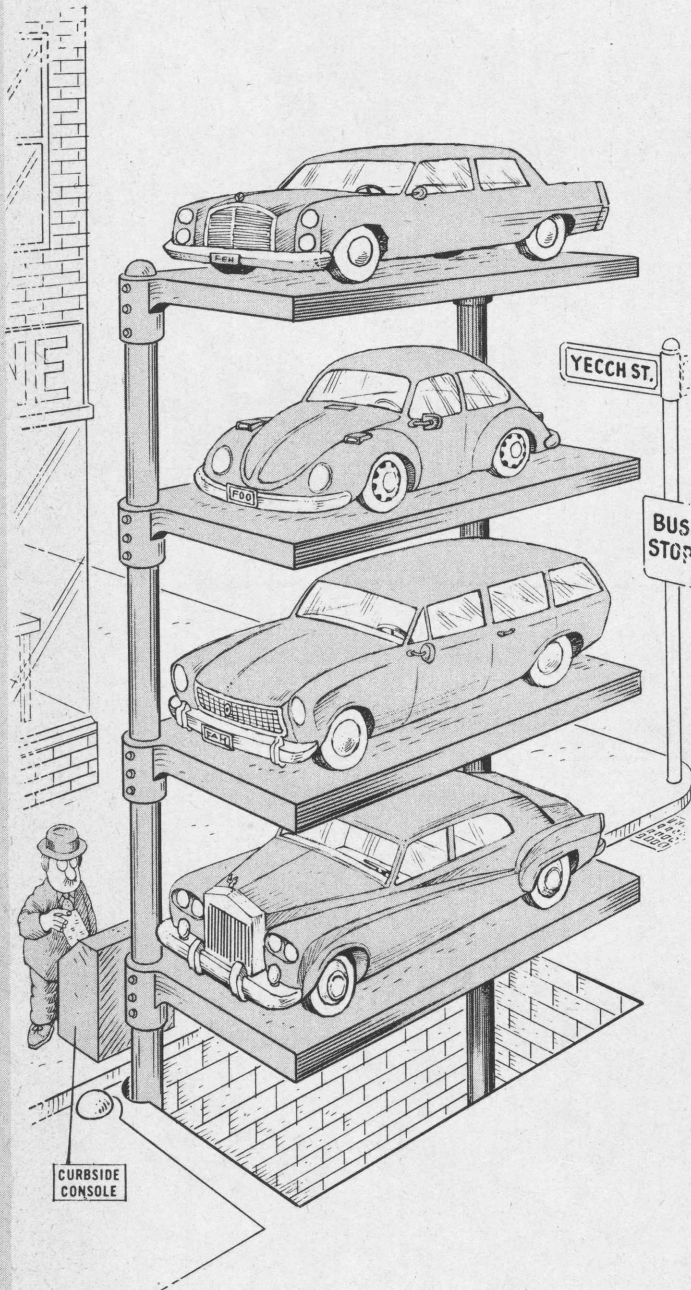
AUTO-SUGGESTIONS DEPT.

One of the nice things that happened during the recent gasoline shortage was the virtual

disappearance of "Big City Parking Problems." But now that gas is back, so are the problems.

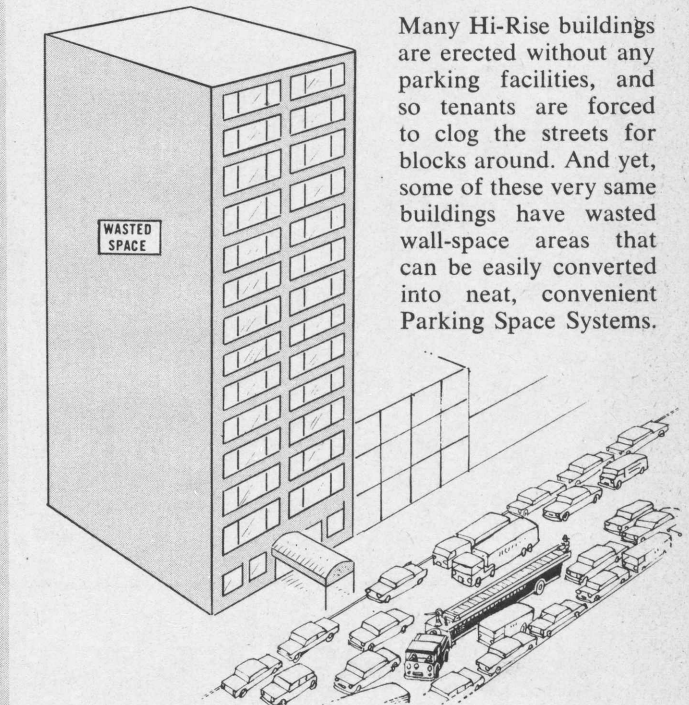
MAD SOLUTIONS TO BIG CITY PARKING

CURBSIDE MULTI-LEVEL PARKING ELEVATOR FACILITY

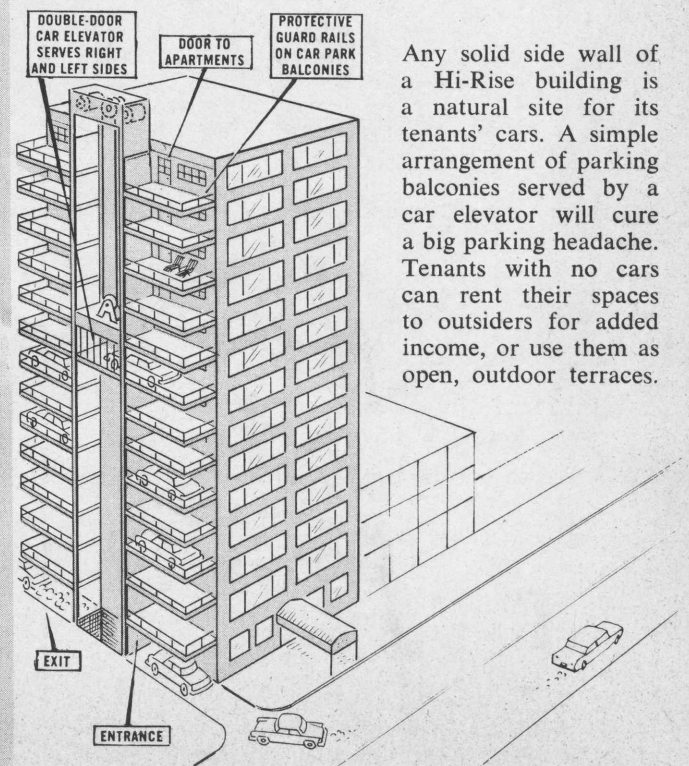


Weight of car parked on empty platform releases Computer Punchcard at Curbside Console, and elevator rises from pit to surface next empty parking platform. When multi-level facility is full, last car remains at street surface. To retrieve car, Driver merely inserts his Punchcard into the Console, and proper elevator platform returns to street level. Can be set for "Free" or "Pay" operation, in which case, insertion of coins into Console releases Punchcard.

HI-RISE WALL-SPACE-UTILIZATION PARKING SYSTEM



Many Hi-Rise buildings are erected without any parking facilities, and so tenants are forced to clog the streets for blocks around. And yet, some of these very same buildings have wasted wall-space areas that can be easily converted into neat, convenient Parking Space Systems.



Any solid side wall of a Hi-Rise building is a natural site for its tenants' cars. A simple arrangement of parking balconies served by a car elevator will cure a big parking headache. Tenants with no cars can rent their spaces to outsiders for added income, or use them as open, outdoor terraces.

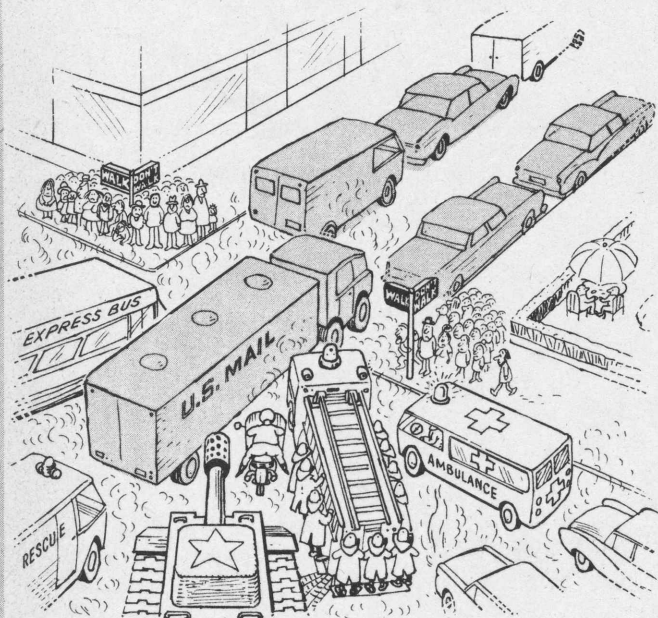
And since we believe that the American Way of Life is inexorably linked to the Automobile,

the Parking Problem will always be with us unless we do something about it. Like these

PROBLEMS

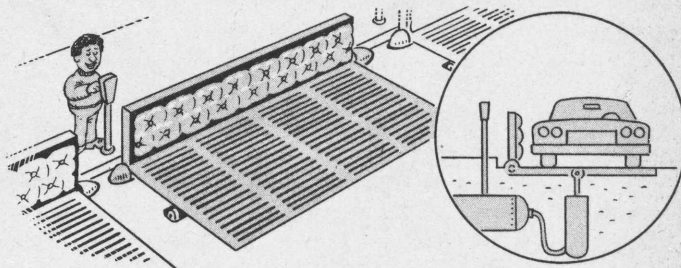
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SOLUTION

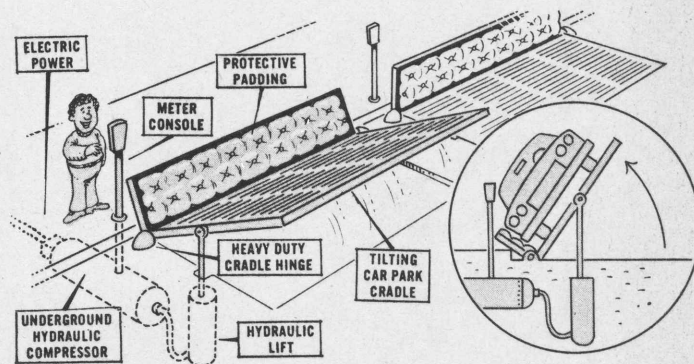


Many old city streets are too narrow for today's heavy traffic. Daily snarls can cause impossibly long traffic jam-ups, accidents and frayed nerves.

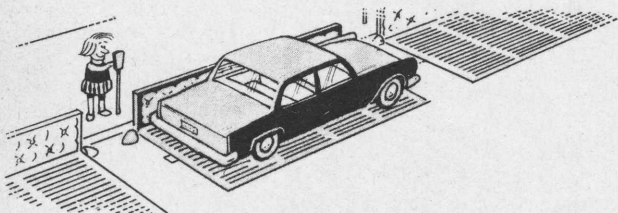
HOW THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SYSTEM WORKS:



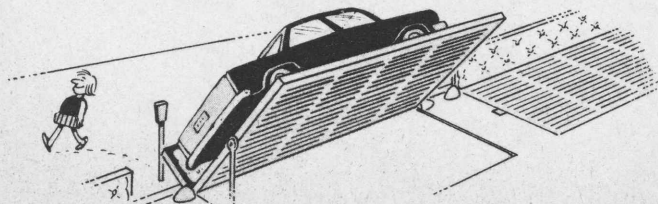
(1) Coin-operated meter/console raises and lowers parking cradle.



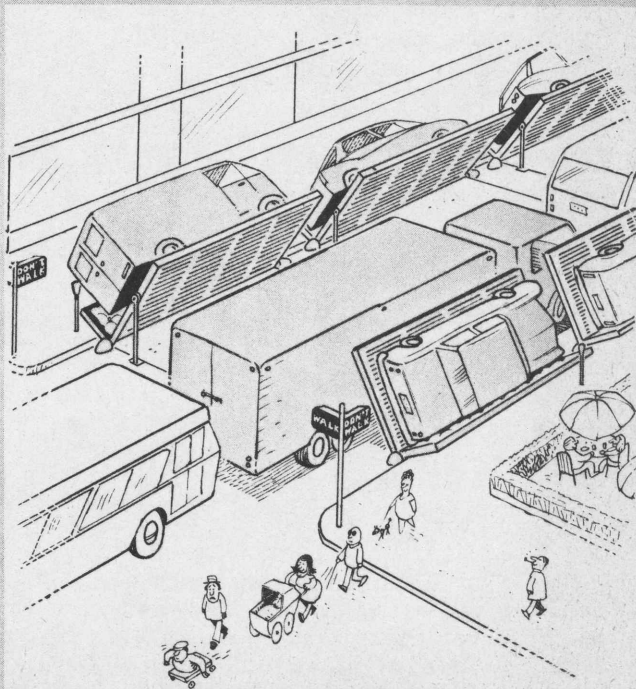
(2) Driver approaches and parks car onto cradle in usual manner.



(3) Driver exits from car and activates meter with proper coin.

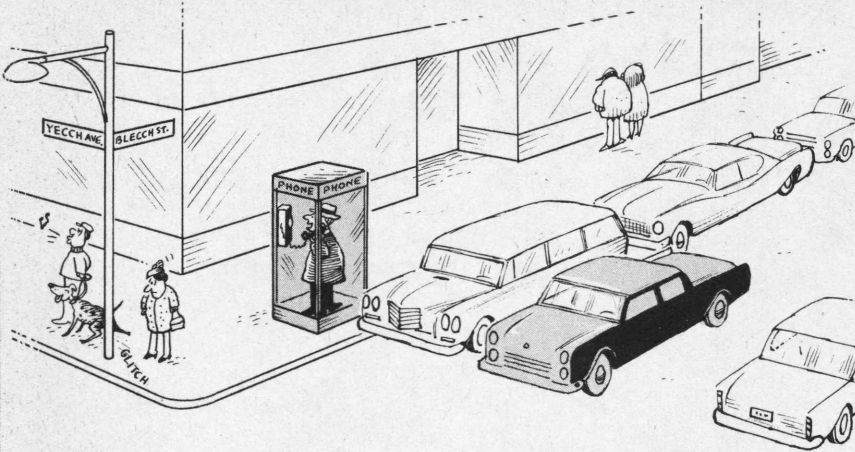


(4) Hydraulic mechanism lifts cradle, tilting car out of the way of traffic. Padded cushioned retaining wall protects car finish.

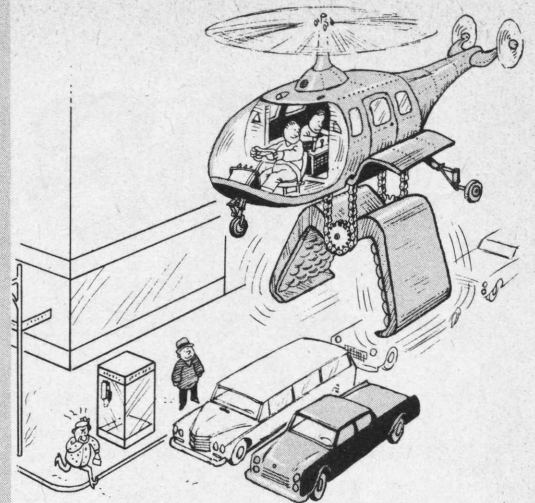


(5) Tilted parked cars open streets up for smooth flow of traffic. To retrieve car, driver merely waits for break in traffic to lower his car again.

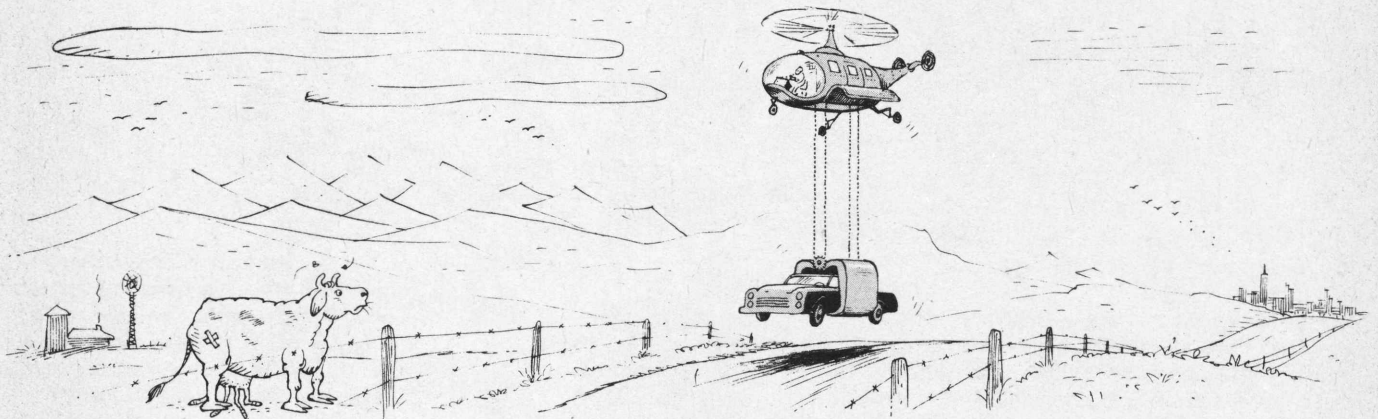
THE RAPID PICK-UP AND DELIVERY HELICOPTER PARKING SYSTEM



A driver subscribing to this service merely stops at any convenient phone booth and calls the special audio operator who contacts one of the several giant helicopters hovering over the city. After giving his exact location

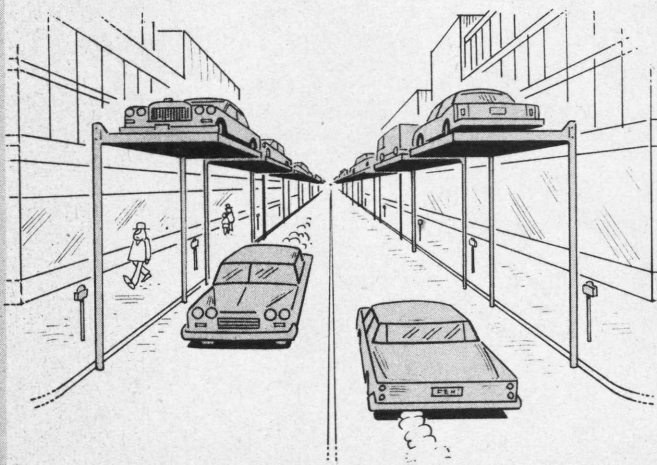


... driver only has to wait a few minutes before a chopper descends and grasps his car in its safe, padded hydraulic claws



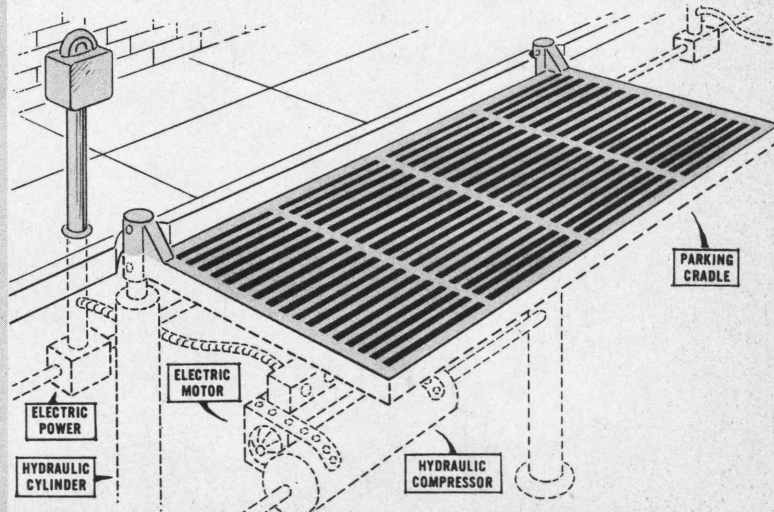
... lifts its precious cargo high above the city, and flies it to some deserted rural area where it is parked and its location marked. Then, when driver calls in again, his car is quickly picked up and returned to where he is.

THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER SYSTEM



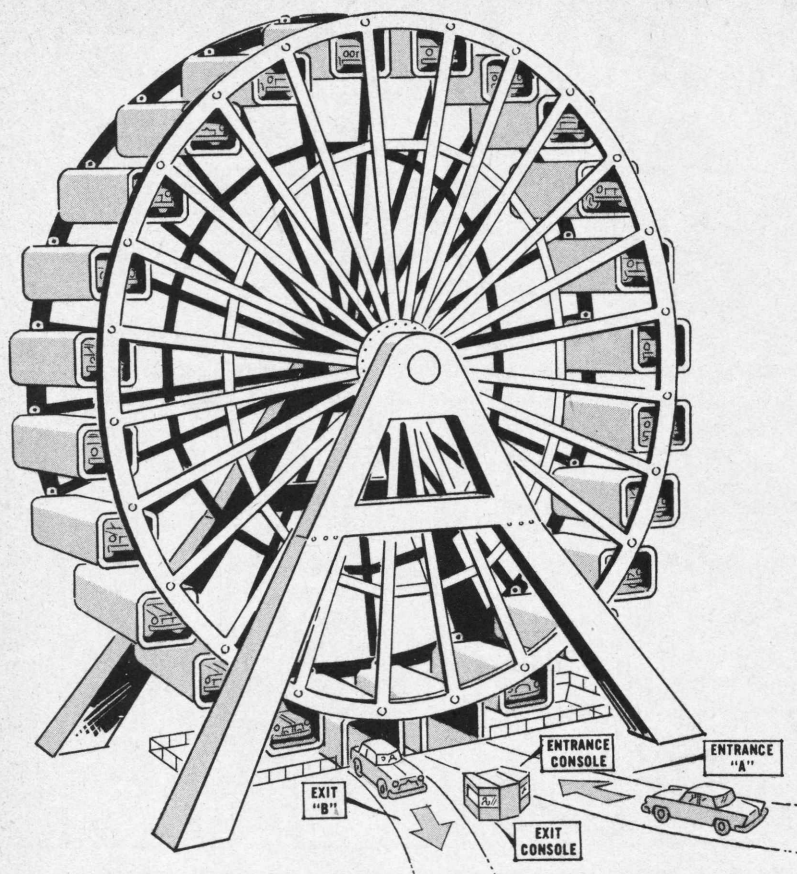
On city streets, where parking is banned because every lane from curb to curb is needed for heavy moving traffic, this system restores the equally-needed but lost parking spaces.

HOW THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER WORKS



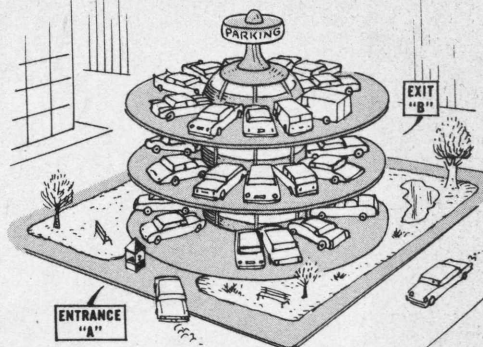
(1) Parking cradle at curbside is firmly attached to its own meter-activated underground hydraulic hoist mechanism.

THE AUTOMATED FERRIS WHEEL RAPID PARKING FACILITY

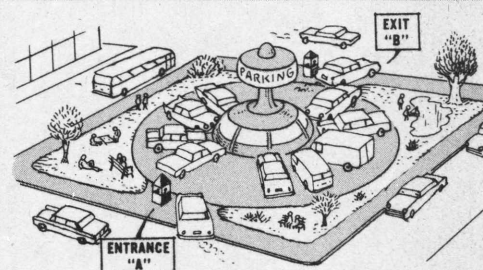


Occupying the space of only six surface-parked cars, the Automated Ferris Wheel Rapid Parking Facility provides parking for twenty-four cars, and its operation is fast and simple. Driver enters at "A" and takes a Computer Punchcard from Entrance Console. This instantly brings an empty space down to him. He parks and leaves. Elapsed time: 30 seconds. To retrieve car, he goes to "B" and inserts Punchcard with proper coins into Exit Console. The Ferris Wheel spins car to him and he drives off. Elapsed time: 30 seconds.

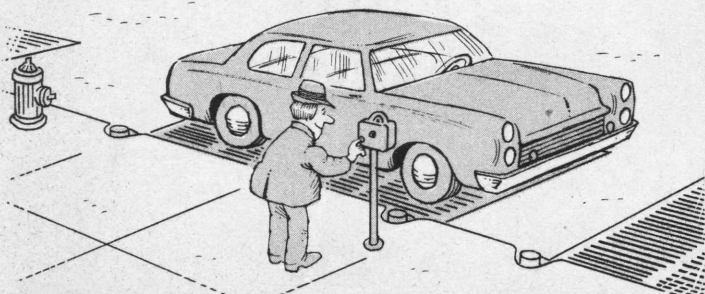
THE MULTI-LEVEL LAZY SUSAN HIGH-SPEED PARKING FACILITY



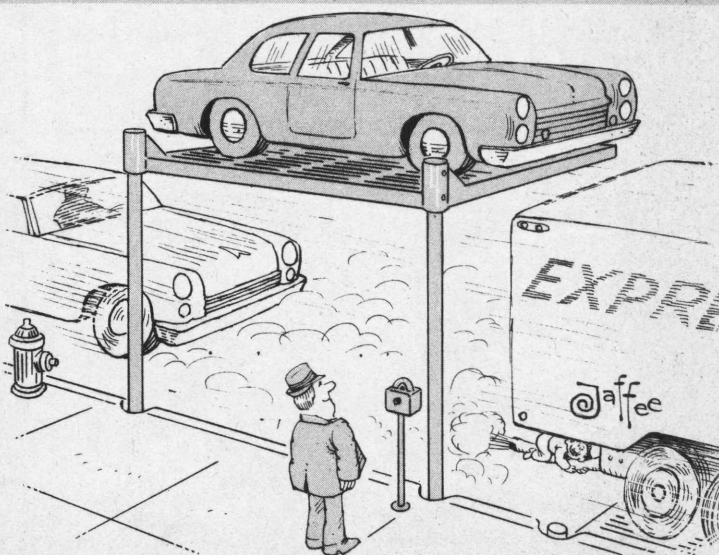
Lazy Susan facility is totally automated and computerized for fast and economical operation. When car enters at "A" and driver removes Punchcard, computer signals for an empty space. Instantly, the Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the space.



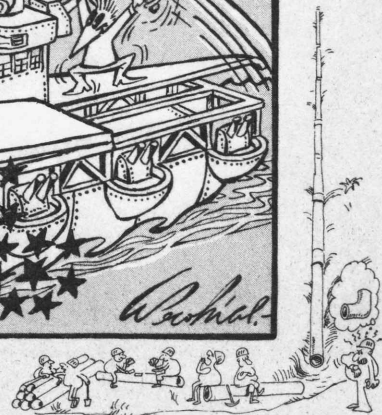
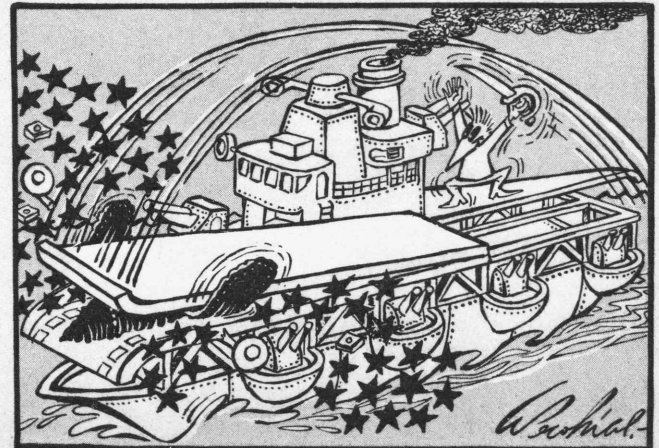
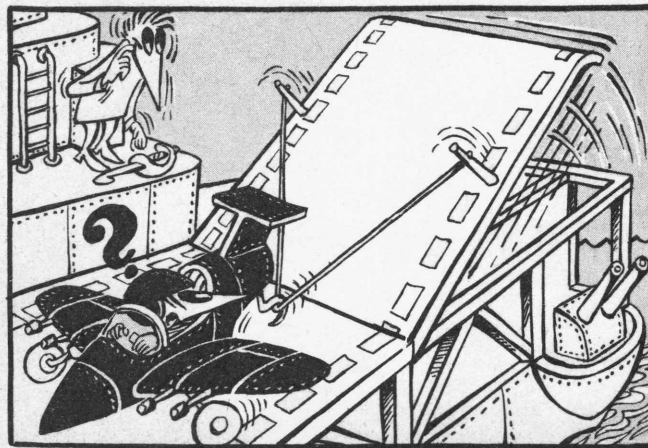
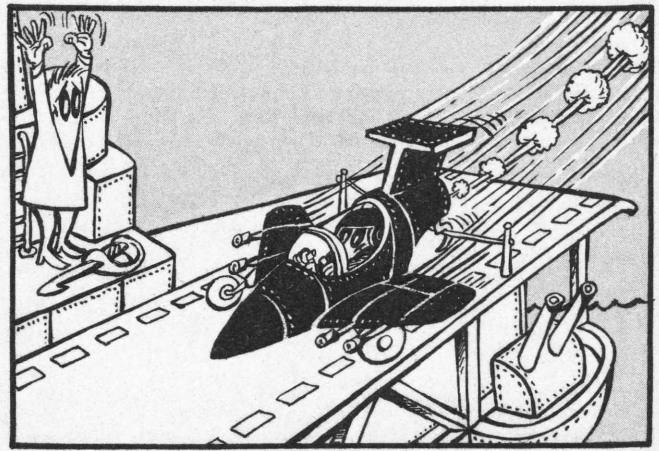
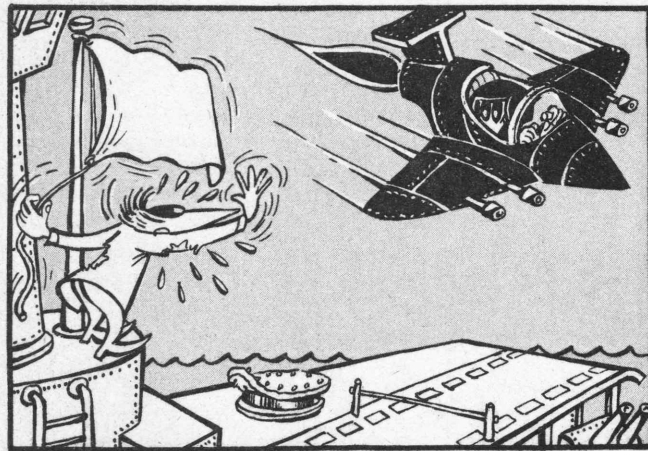
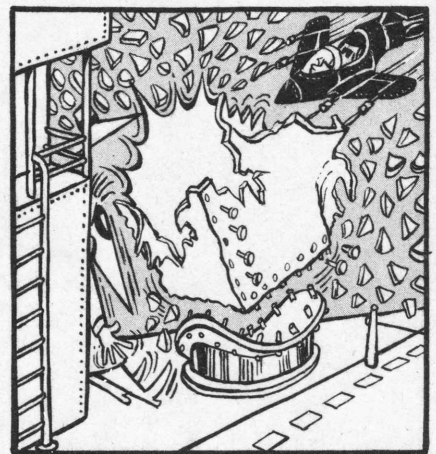
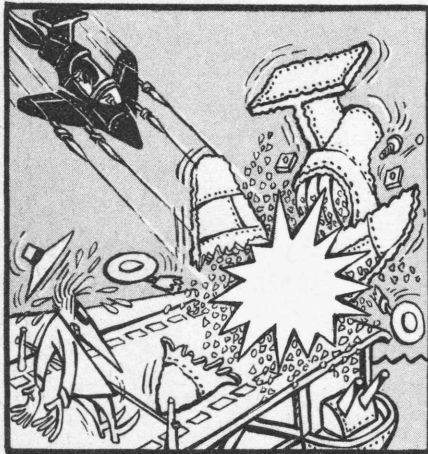
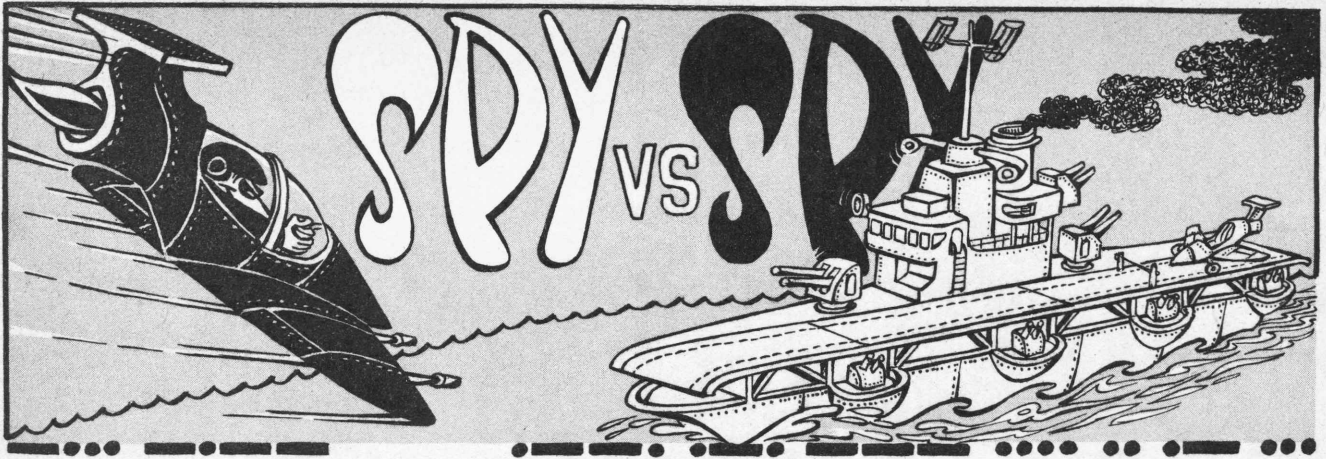
To leave, customer merely inserts his Punchcard into Exit Console "B" with proper coins. Again, Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the car instantly. Thus, what was once an ugly parking lot for a handful of cars is now a fast, efficient facility for ten times as many with the added beauty of lovely mini-parks at all four corners.



(2) After Driver parks his car on the cradle, he deposits the proper coins into the meter which activates the hoist.



(3) The car is lifted aloft instantly, leaving the space below free for heavy traffic to flow easily beneath it.



THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR TRILLS DEPT.

Want to make a successful "Musical"? Then take a novel like "Don Quixote" and turn it into "Man of La Mancha"...or take a play like "Pygmalion" and turn it into "My Fair Lady". Want to make an even more successful Musical? Then take fantastically successful movies...like "The Godfather"...and "Towering Inferno"...and "Jaws"...and turn them into Musicals! Which is exactly what we've done in this next article, wherein MAD proudly presents

NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE MOB'S ALL HERE

Based On "The Godfather"

*Godfather, Godfather,
You we obey!
From you we've learned
Crime sure does pay!
Godfather, Godfather,
Give us the word
On who gets rubbed out
Today!

Godfather, Godfather,
We show respect!
We kiss your ring!
We genuflect!
One day a sculptor will
Cast you in bronze
Because you're the
Don of Dons!

We...toast...you
With glasses of Vino
We...kneel...when
You sit on the throne!
You're...big-ger
Than Carlo Gambino and
Ten times more famous
Than Al Capone!

Godfather, Godfather,
Won't you proclaim
Who we should kill?
Who we should maim?
Each time we
Mur-der
We hon-or
Your name!

So...
Let's make some hits!
Blow out some brains!
Blast 'em to bits!
Strangle 'em, too!
And make all our
Dreams...
Come...true!



*Sung to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

Ah, my sons! Sonny . . . a vicious psychopathic killer, and the light of my life! Fredo . . . weak and spineless, but he moves well with his left! And Michael . . . who repays my love with the one thing I can't stand . . . **DECENCY!**

But, Pop! All I really want is "The Good Life!"

Michael, as you'll learn from this next number, this IS "The Good Life!"



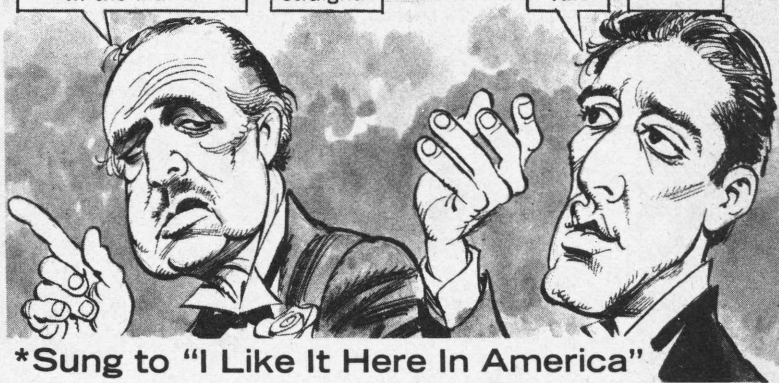
*Life is a treat
In the Mafia;
Rackets are sweet
In the Mafia;
Bigshots you'll meet
In the Mafia;
And how you'll eat
In the Mafia!

I think a young man should go straight!

How can you be such an in-grate?

I'm no believer in Mob rule!

I think you went to the wrong school!



*Sung to "I Like It Here In America"

You'll have it made
In the Mafia!
Be highly paid
In the Mafia!
Learn to "persuade"
In the Mafia!
That's a skilled trade
In the Mafia!

I want to work hard and go straight!

I can't conceive of a worse fate!

I'll make you proud of what I've done!

How could I have such a bad son?



You'll testify
In the Mafia!
Crimes you'll deny
In the Mafia!
You'll never fry
In the Mafia!
Judges we buy
In the Mafia!

I'll buy a business and go straight!

Join me! I'll buy you the whole State!

Rackets and dope just aren't my line!

Pack up and move, 'cause you're not mine!



Fellow Dons! I've called you here so that we can put an end to the gang wars and the bloodshed!

But why are we meeting here . . . in a restaurant?

You must be a **NEW Don!** Don't you know that there's something even more important to a Mafia Boss than all the drugs and hijacking and gambling and prostitution . . .?!

What's that?!

FOOD!!

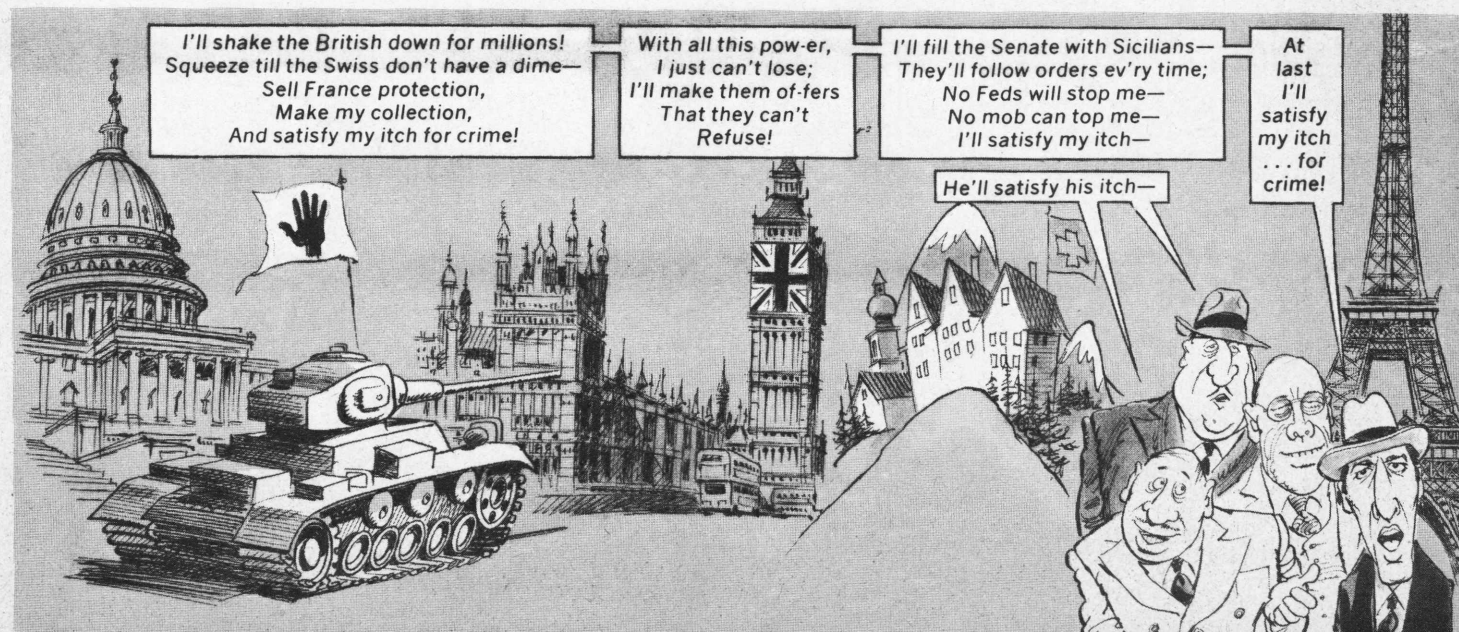
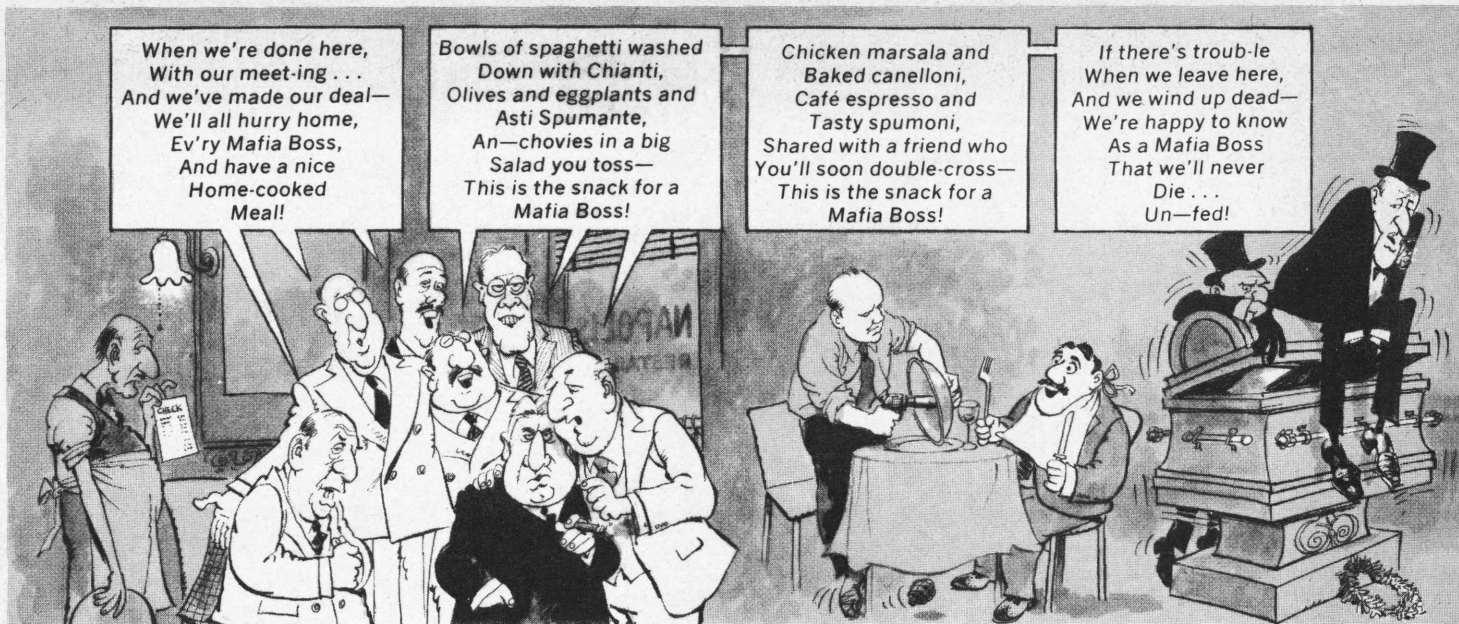
*Cold antipasto and Hot minestrone,
Plates of lasagna and Sliced provolone,
Cheese ravioli that's Smothered with sauce—
This is a snack for a Mafia Boss!

Shrimp marinara and Veal scallopini,
Fried calamari that's Served with zucchini,
Chewed while discussing our Profit and loss—
This is a snack for a Mafia Boss!



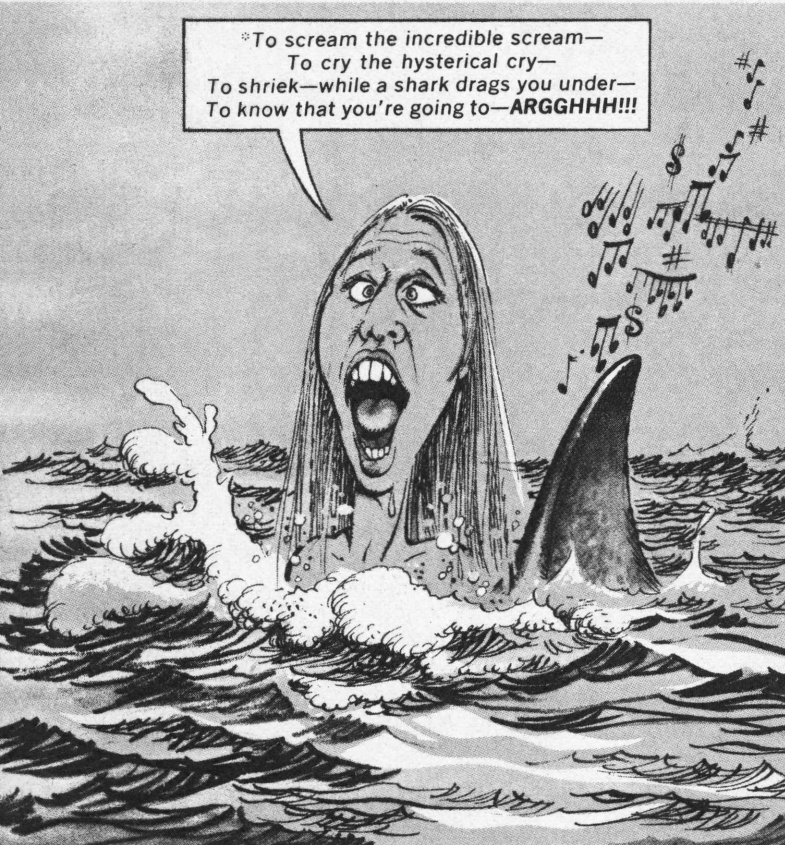
*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"



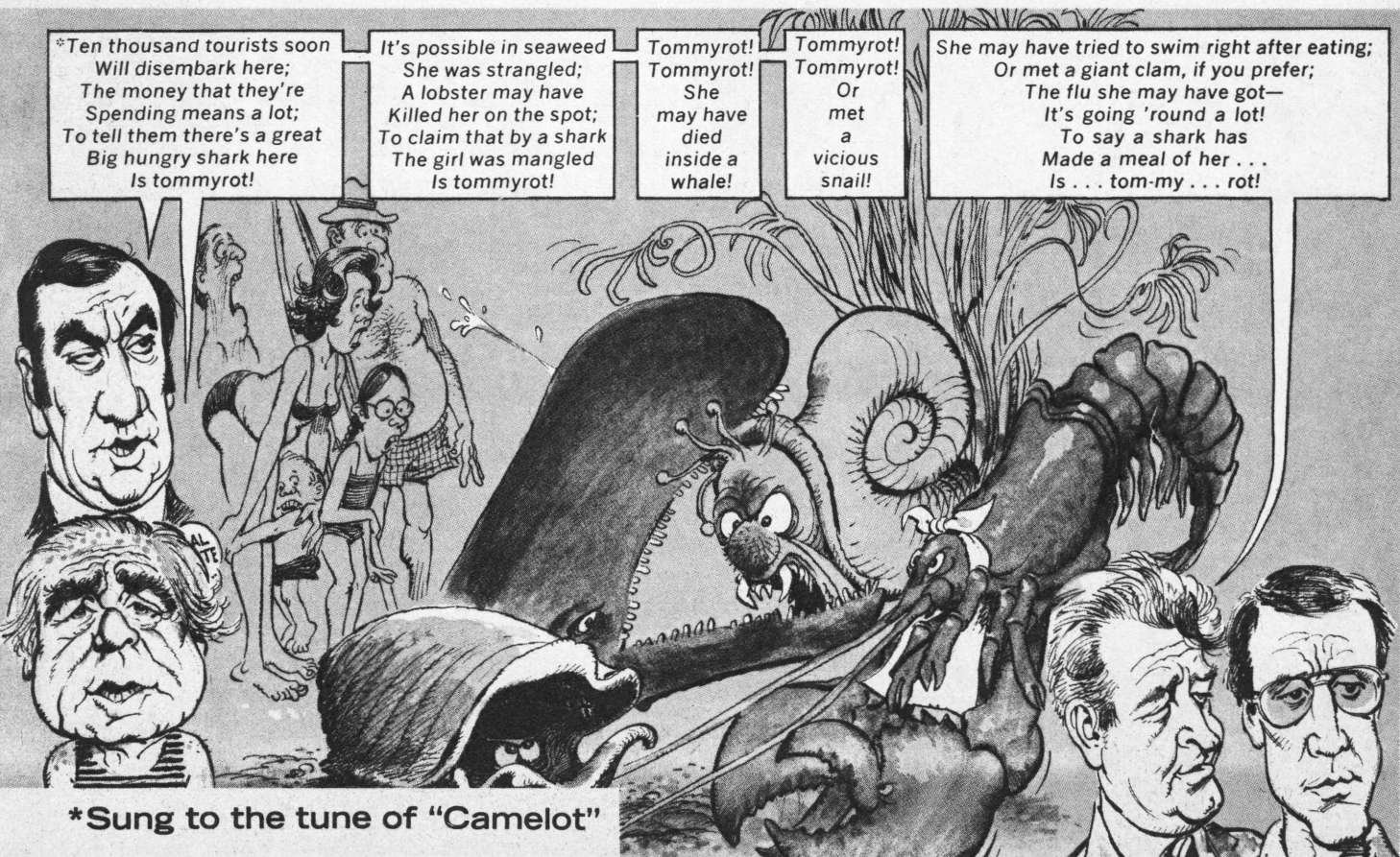
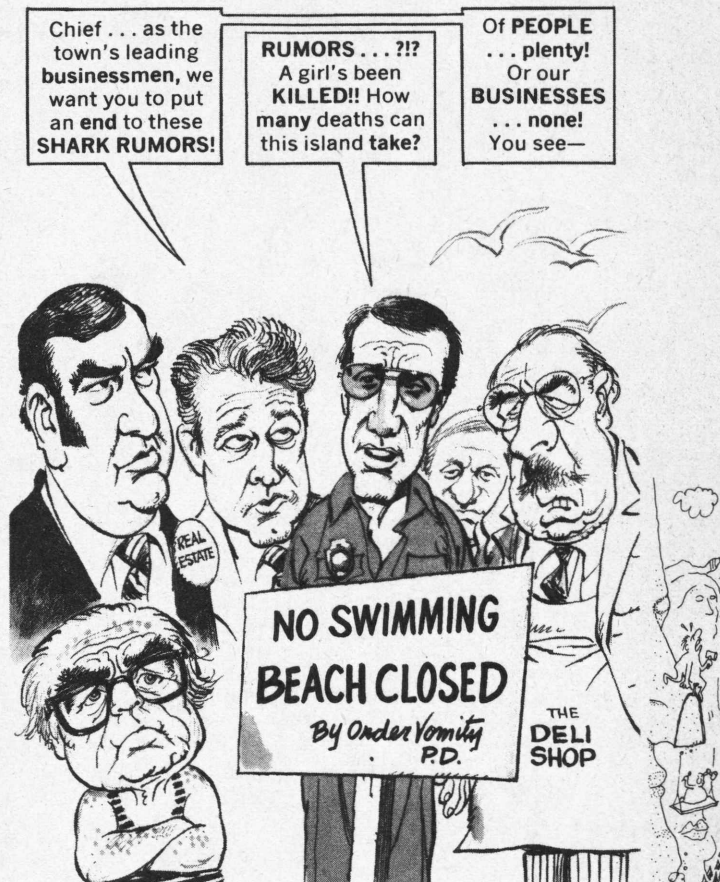


THE SHARK AND I

Based On "Jaws"



*Sung (briefly) to "The Impossible Dream"



*Sung to the tune of "Camelot"

Hooper . . . you're an Oceanographer and an expert on sharks! I want a detailed, scientific explanation of shark behavior!

It's very complicated, but I'll try . . .

*JAWS—a mouth, a great big mouth!

TEETH—those things that kind of crunch!

BITE—the way sharks say "Hello"!

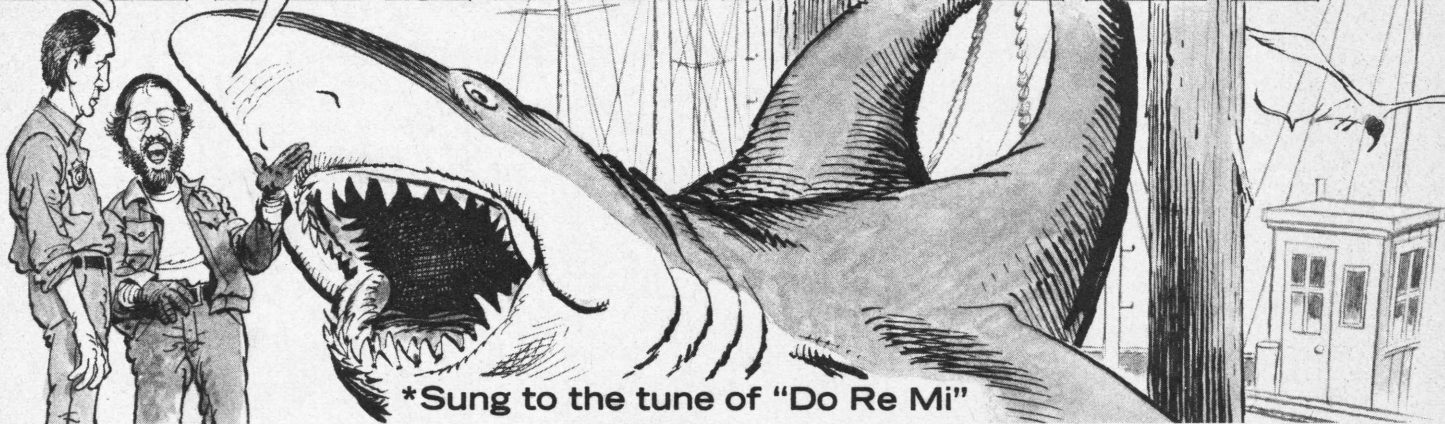
US—his fav'rite quickie lunch!

BLOOD which turns the ocean red!

CHOMP—which makes a swimmer pause!

GLUB—which means the shark's been fed!

Which brings us back to JAWS!



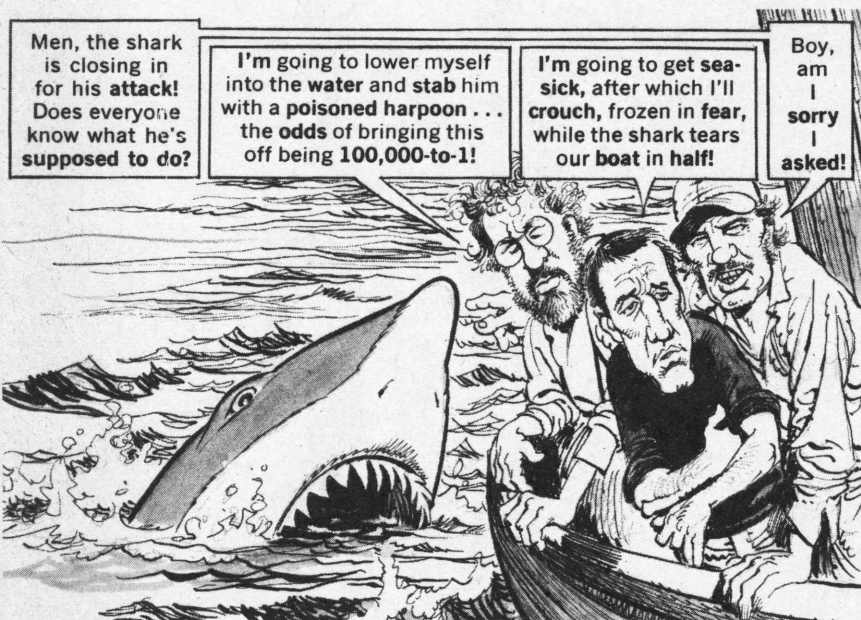
*Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"

Men, the shark is closing in for his attack! Does everyone know what he's supposed to do?

I'm going to lower myself into the water and stab him with a poisoned harpoon . . . the odds of bringing this off being 100,000-to-1!

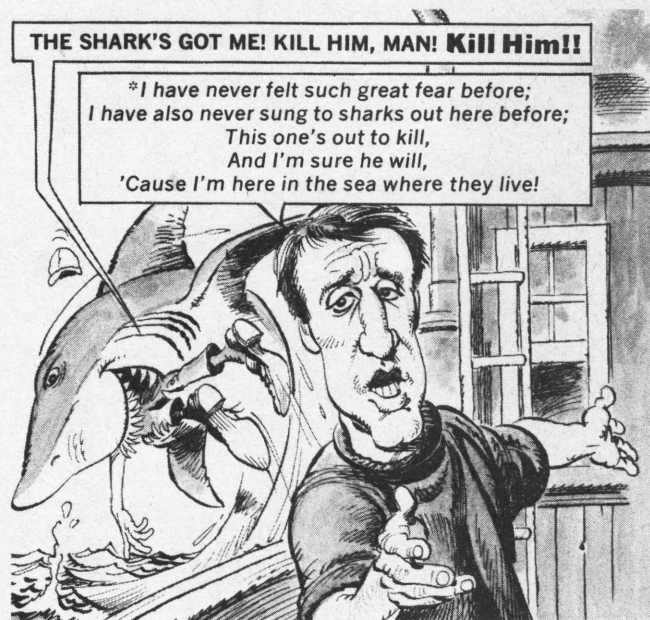
I'm going to get sea-sick, after which I'll crouch, frozen in fear, while the shark tears our boat in half!

Boy, am I sorry I asked!



THE SHARK'S GOT ME! KILL HIM, MAN! Kill Him!!

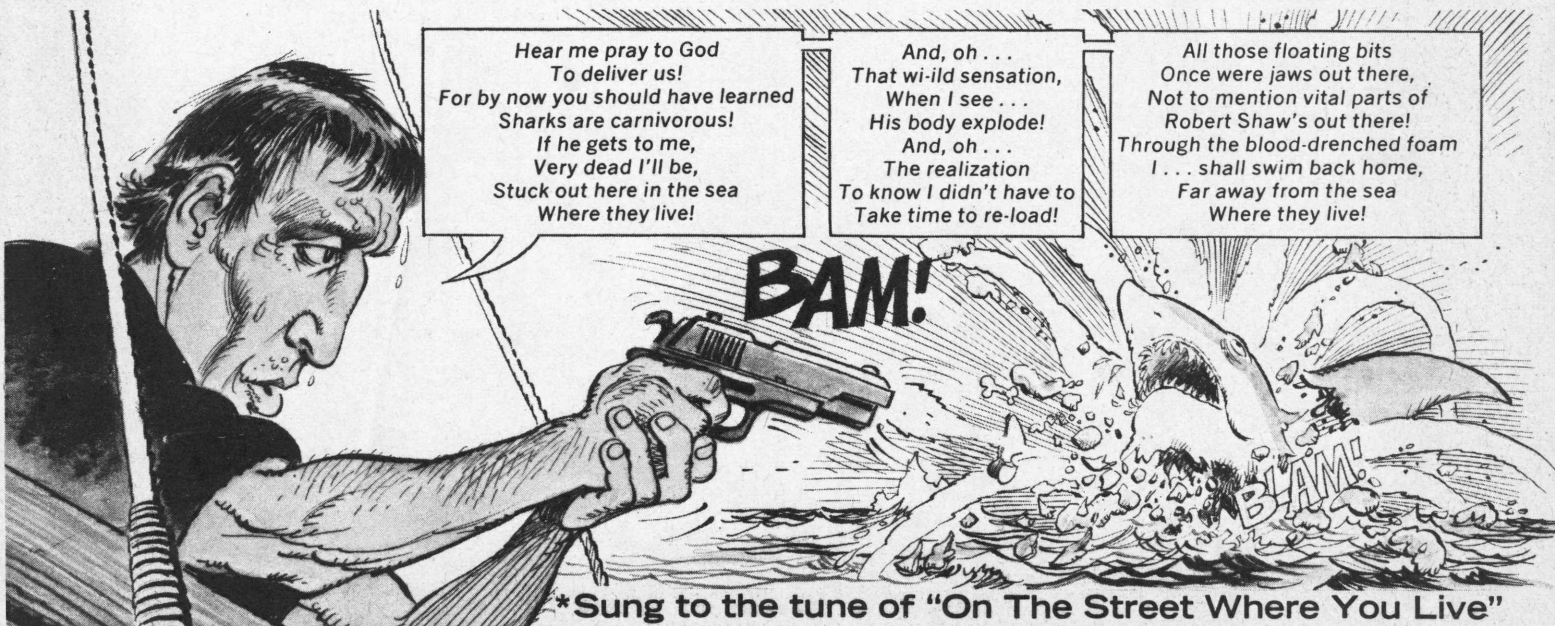
*I have never felt such great fear before; I have also never sung to sharks out here before; This one's out to kill, And I'm sure he will, 'Cause I'm here in the sea where they live!



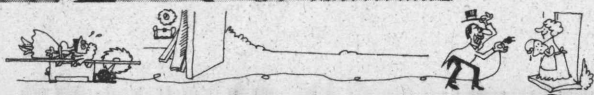
Hear me pray to God To deliver us! For by now you should have learned Sharks are carnivorous! If he gets to me, Very dead I'll be, Stuck out here in the sea Where they live!

And, oh . . . That wi-ild sensation, When I see . . . His body explode! And, oh . . . The realization To know I didn't have to Take time to re-load!

All those floating bits Once were jaws out there, Not to mention vital parts of Robert Shaw's out there! Through the blood-drenched foam I . . . shall swim back home, Far away from the sea Where they live!



*Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"



GO TO BLAZES!

Based On "The Towering Inferno"

Welcome to the
Grand Opening
of The Glass
Tower! I know
you're burning
with curiosity
and aflame with
excitement! So
let me tell you—

*We could not wait
To ded-i-cate
This great enormous
Spire!
The show we've got
Is really hot,
'Cause the
Building is on
Fire!

On
fire!
On
fire!
The
building
is
on
fire!

It's really grand
That you're on hand
In all your fine
Attire!
A barb-e-cue
We've planned for you,
'Cause we
Can't put out the
Fire!

The
fire!
The
fire!
They
can't
put out
the
fire!

We're very high
Up in the sky;
No building reaches
Higher!
I'm sure no one
Will eat and run
'Cause we're
Trapped here in the
Fire!

The
fire!
The
fire!
We're
trapped
here in
the
fire!

*Sung to the tune of "They Call The Wind Mariah"

The flames, I fear,
Will soon be near,
And then we will perspire;
I'll share my can
Of Ultra-Ban
While we die here in the fire!

The fire!
The fire!
We'll
die here
in the
fire!

Where did the
fire start . . . ?

In the Acme
Turpentine Co.!

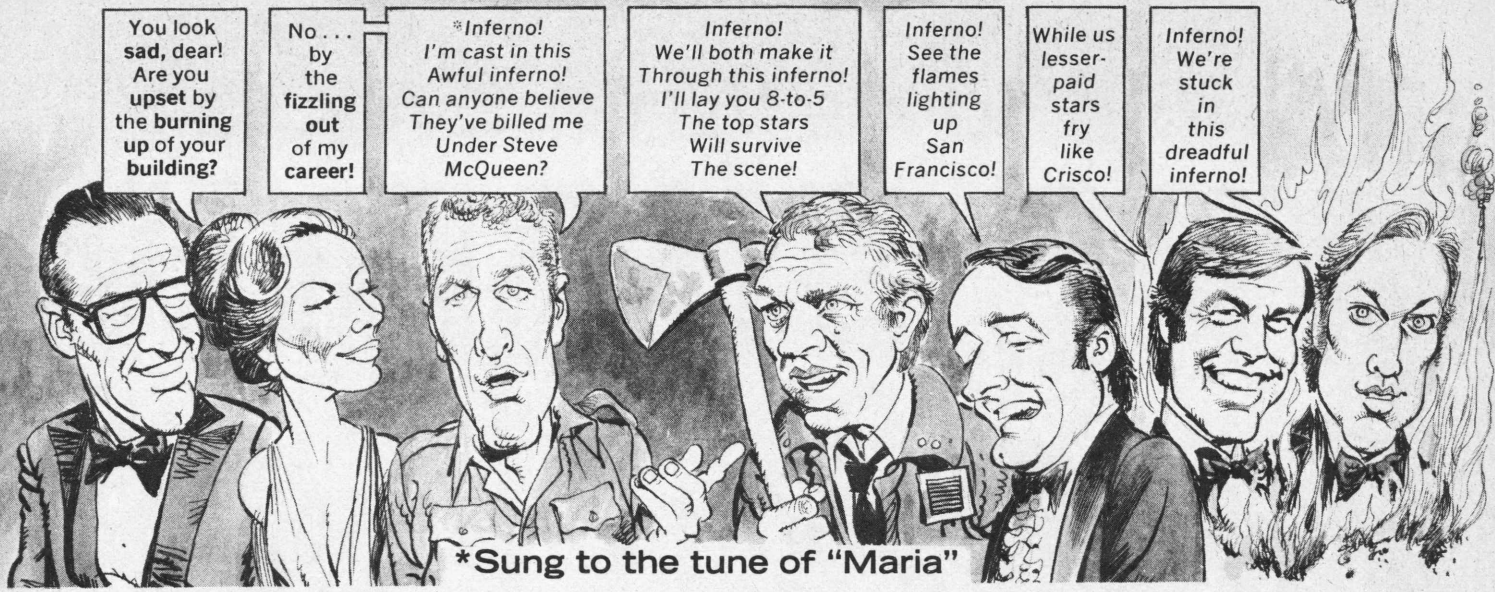
THAT's no problem!

Then it spread to
the Ajax Cigarette
Lighter Fluid Co.!

And THAT's no problem!

And now it's headed for
the residence of a Mrs.
O'Leary, who owns a cow!

Now
THAT
could
be a
problem!



You look sad, dear! Are you upset by the burning up of your building?

No... by the fizzling out of my career!

*Inferno! I'm cast in this Awful inferno! Can anyone believe They've billed me Under Steve McQueen?

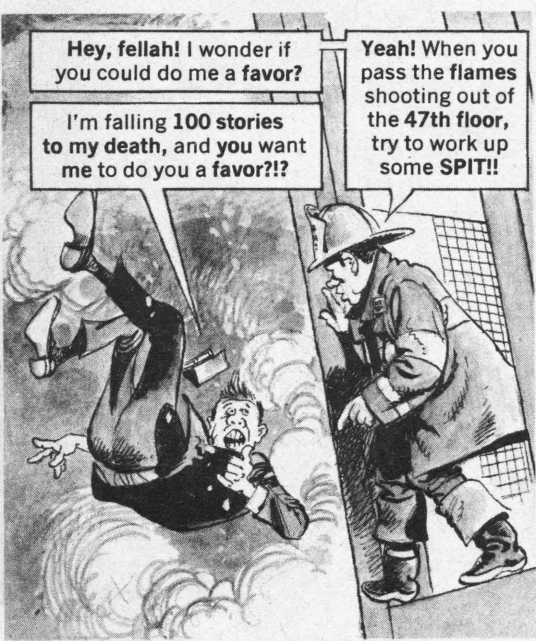
Inferno! We'll both make it Through this inferno! I'll lay you 8-to-5 The top stars Will survive The scene!

Inferno! See the flames lighting up San Francisco!

While us lesser-paid stars fry like Crisco!

Inferno! We're stuck in this dreadful inferno!

***Sung to the tune of "Maria"**



Hey, fellah! I wonder if you could do me a favor?

I'm falling 100 stories to my death, and you want me to do you a favor??

Yeah! When you pass the flames shooting out of the 47th floor, try to work up some SPIT!!



We made it! We survived the fire!

Listen to that crowd cheer us!

Hey! That's no ordinary crowd! That's Charlton Heston... and Ava Gardner of "Earthquake"!

And Gene Hackman and Ernest Borgnine of "The Poseidon Adventure"!

And Burt Lancaster of "Airport"! And Charlton Heston... AGAIN... of "Airport '75"!

Sorry, kids! We're not cheering YOU!

We're cheering these Disaster Movies that are prolonging our careers!

*Burn up big buildings! Plant bombs in planes! Go for dev-a-station! That's what en-ter-tains!

Show ocean liners Turned up-side down! Fake a gi-ant earthquake Lev-el-ling a town!

Ev'ry studio knows What the public expects— A ri-di-cu-lous plot With great spec-ial effects!

Stick with dis-as-ter! Rake in the cash! You may lose the crit-ics— But... you'll... have... a... smash!

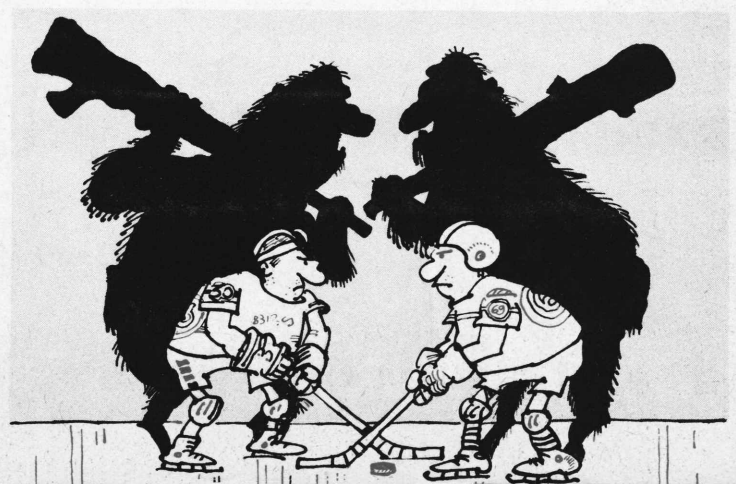


***Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain"**



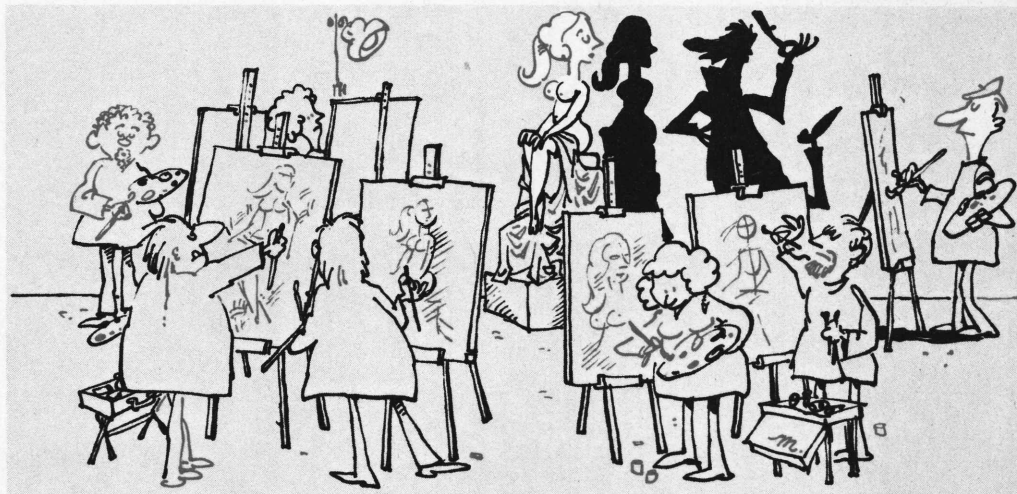
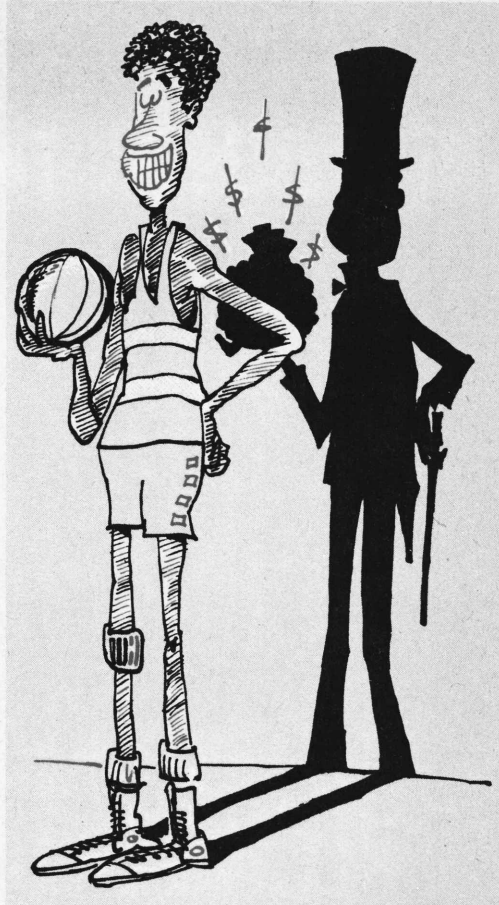
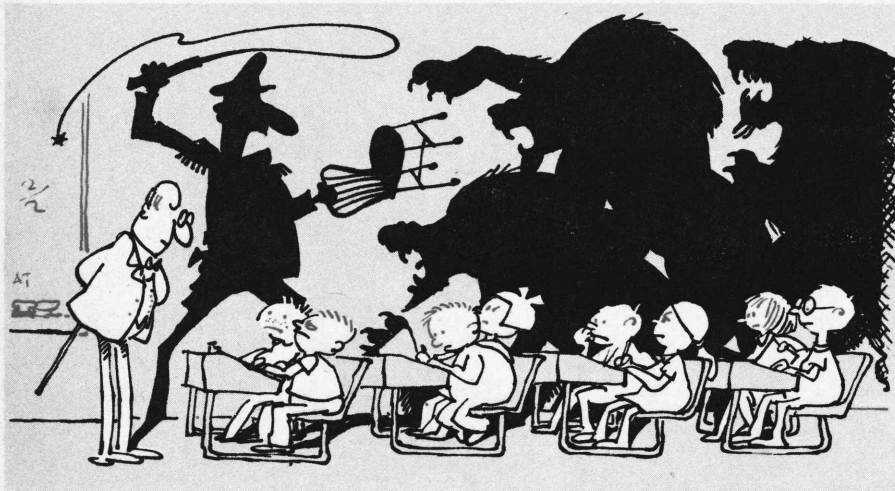
WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

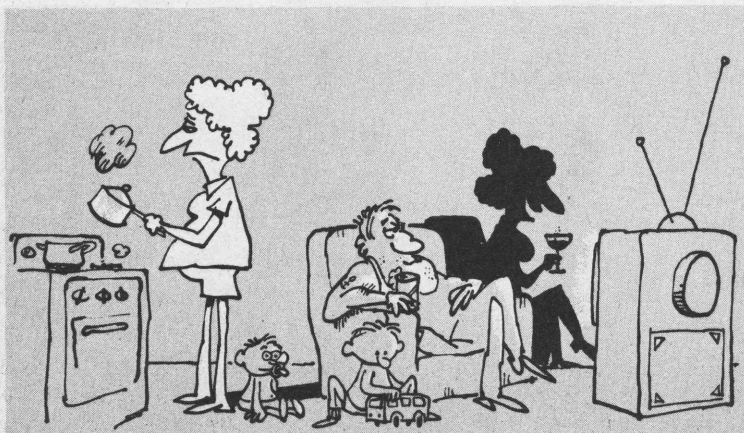
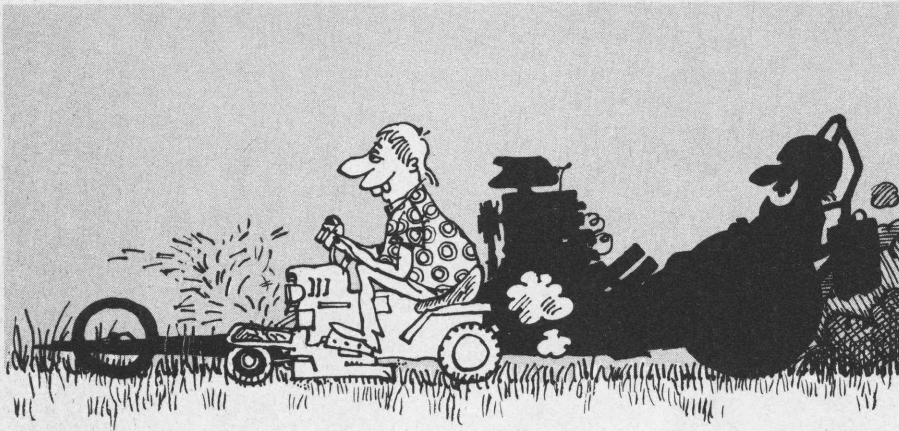
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW



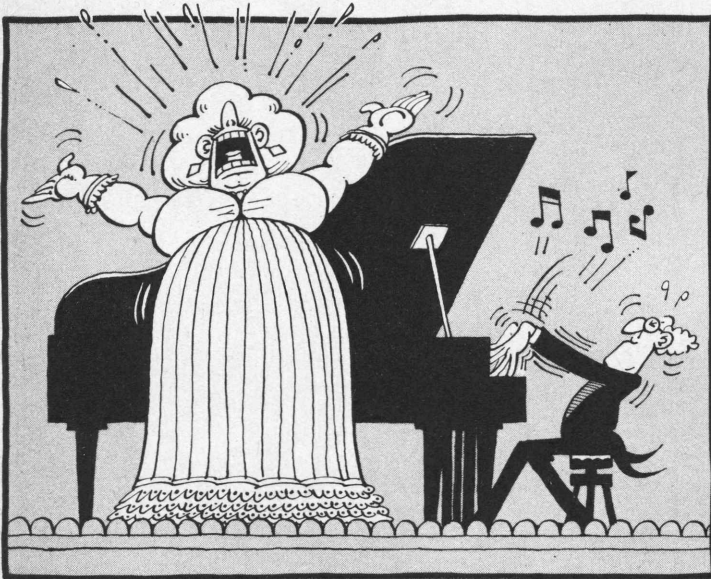
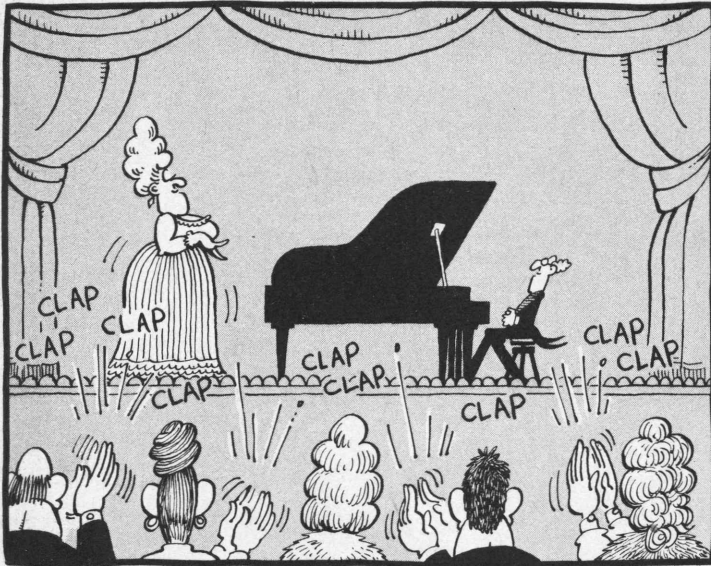
The Hearts Of Men? **KNOWS**

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

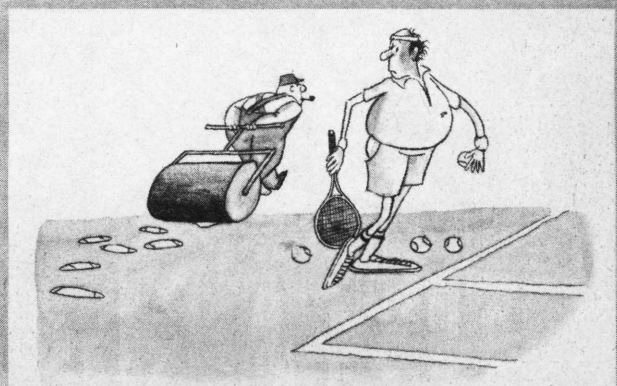
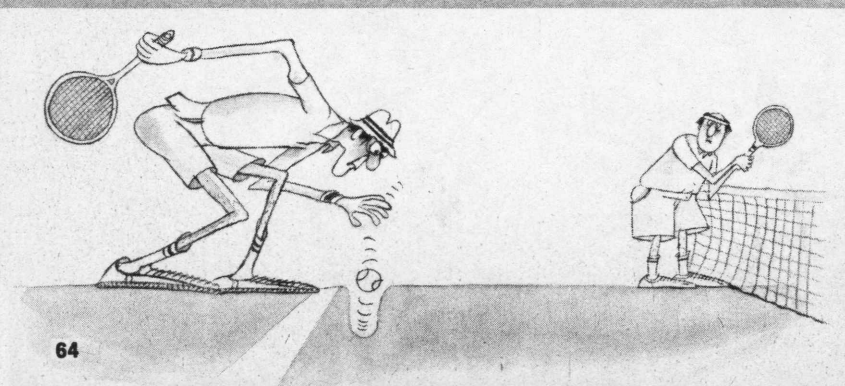
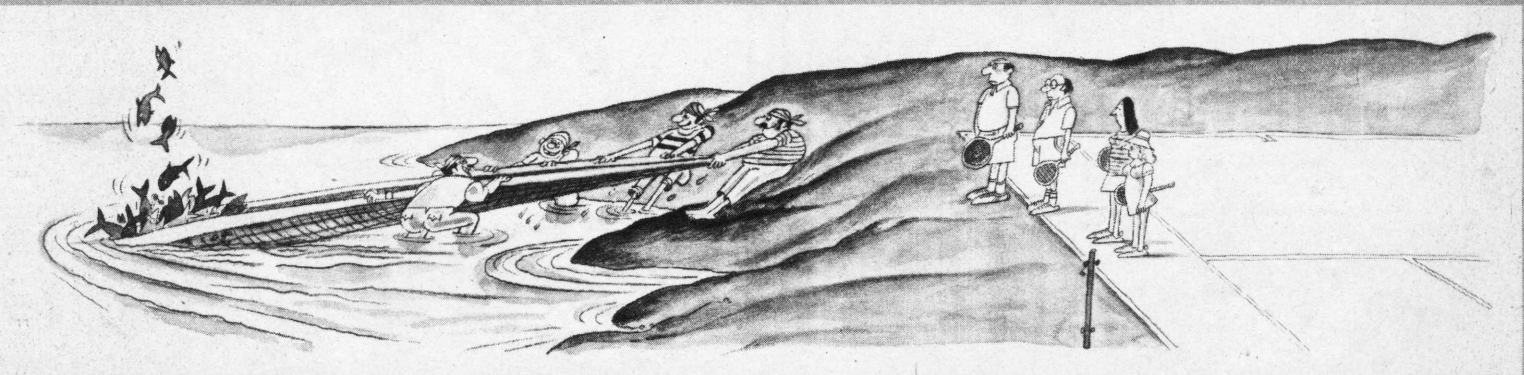
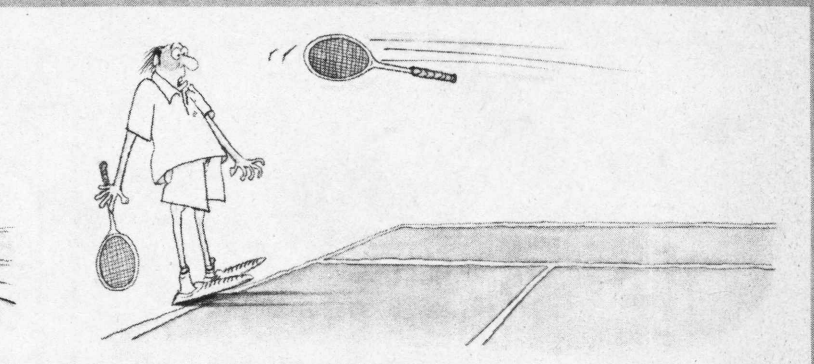
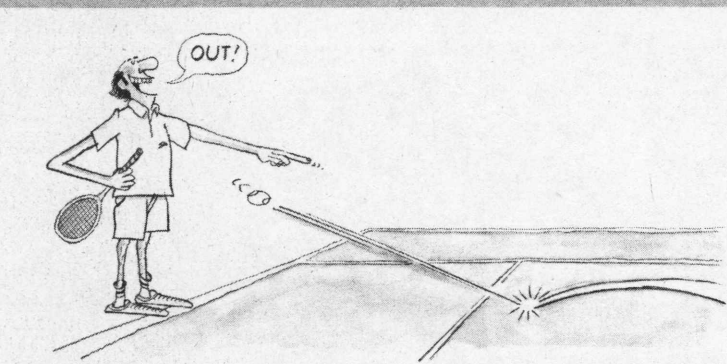
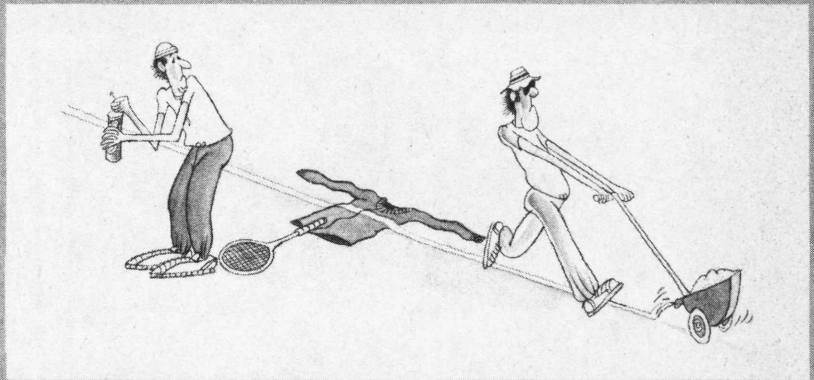




ONE FINE EVENING AT A RECITAL

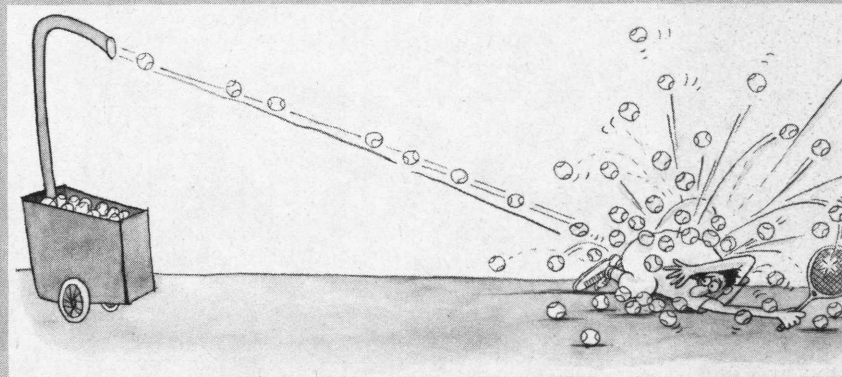
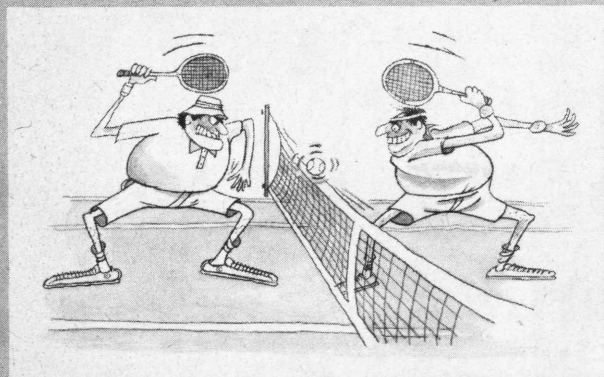
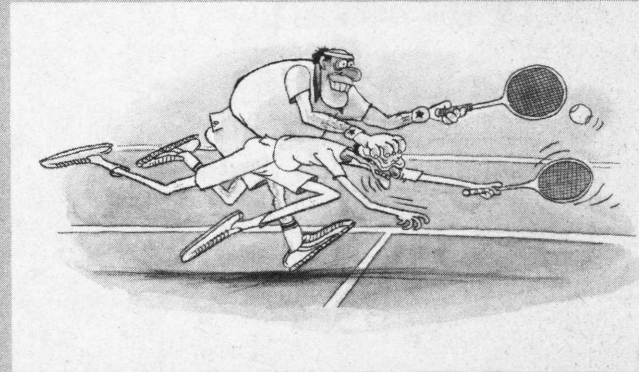
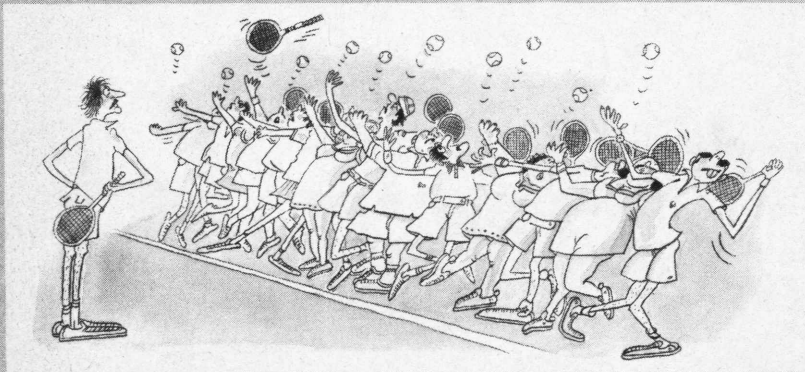
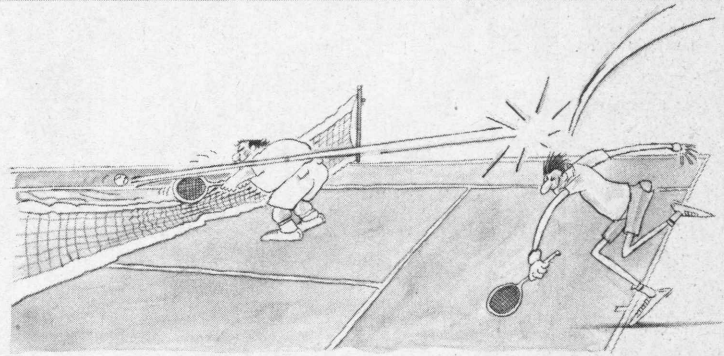
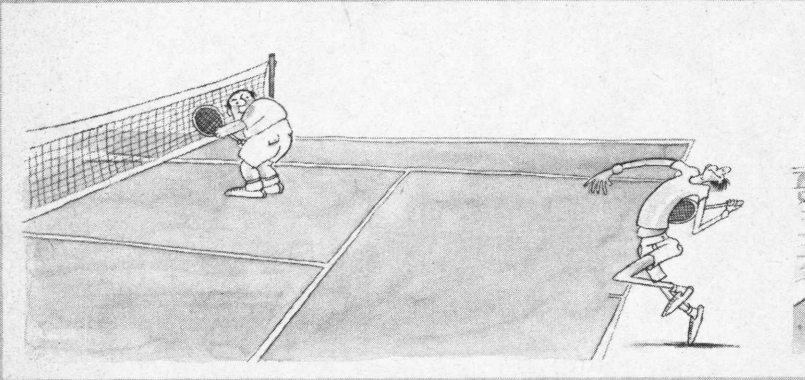
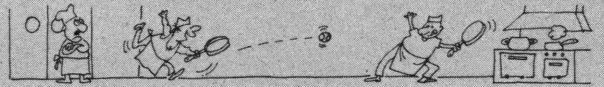


A MAD Look At The



TENNIS SET

ARTIST & WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES





I love the smells of Summer!
The smell of an ocean breeze,
tinged with a fine salt spray!



The smell of a flower garden,
perfumed with vivid blossoms!
The smell of city sidewalks,
damp from a brief Summer rain!



The smell of a forest glade,
spiced with pine needles!
The smell of fresh-cut grass,
sparkling with morning dew!



... and the smell of a
Locker Room, pungent with
moist sweat socks!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

THE SU



No wonder your
luggage was so
heavy! You've
got all those
BOOKS in there!

These are the
books I bought
myself over the
Winter, but
never got to!



Comes Summer vacation
time, it's my chance
to catch up ...



I love to relax in the sun
and enjoy a good book! When
you're relaxed, you can get
the MOST out of a book!



ZZZZZZ

I thought we'd take a nice, inexpensive driving trip ... but look at these **GAS** bills!

That's because of the "anti-pollution" devices the manufacturer has to build into the engine!

Big deal!

So I've got a car that doesn't smoke!

I'd rather have a car that doesn't **DRINK!!**



WINTER SCENE

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

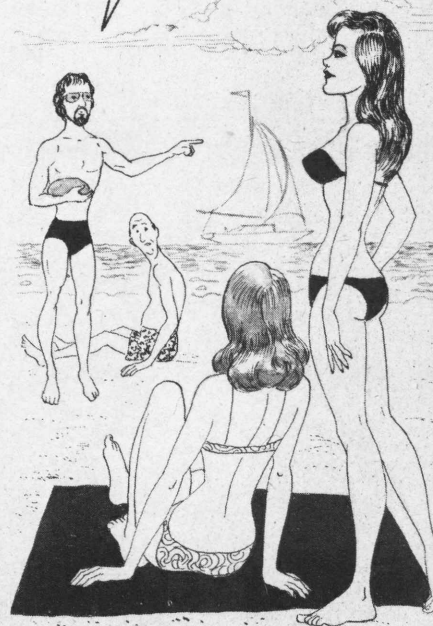
Hey!!
WATCH
IT,
there!

The beach is no place
to play Touch Football!
You're disturbing people
who are trying to relax!

Why don't you
go down to the
PLAYGROUND
and play there?

We could do that, Sir! But
there are certain advantages
in playing on the beach! If
we fall, the sand is soft!
If we get sweated up, we
can take a dip in the water!

But **MAINLY** ... this is
where the **GIRLS** are!!



And what's your Sidney doing this Summer...?

Oh... he's all involved with Sports!

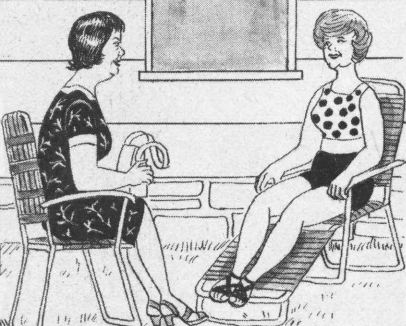
Baseball... Tennis... Golf... Track... Soccer... every sport there is!!

Really? That's funny! He doesn't LOOK IT! He seems so pale and overweight!

That's what being so involved in Sports does to him!

It does?!? With all that exercise, you'd think he'd be in much better condition!!

How much exercise is there in turning on the TV set?!?



That's what I hate about Summer sports! They're mostly so **COMPETITIVE!**

Yeah!

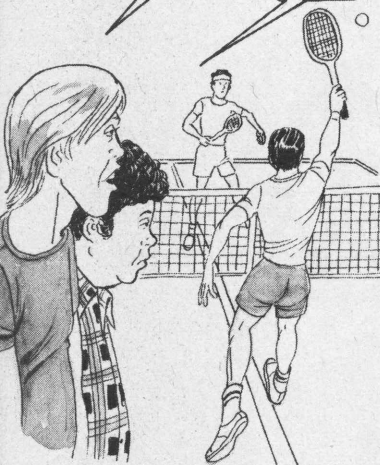
Lots of guys have to show off their Macho! They have to get their kicks out of beating other guys! Well... **NOT ME!!**

Me neither!

I just have **NO NEED** to compete!

Same here!

Oh, yeah?! I'll bet I'm less competitive than you!



Why... may I ask... are you kids playing handball?

Because it's **FUN!**

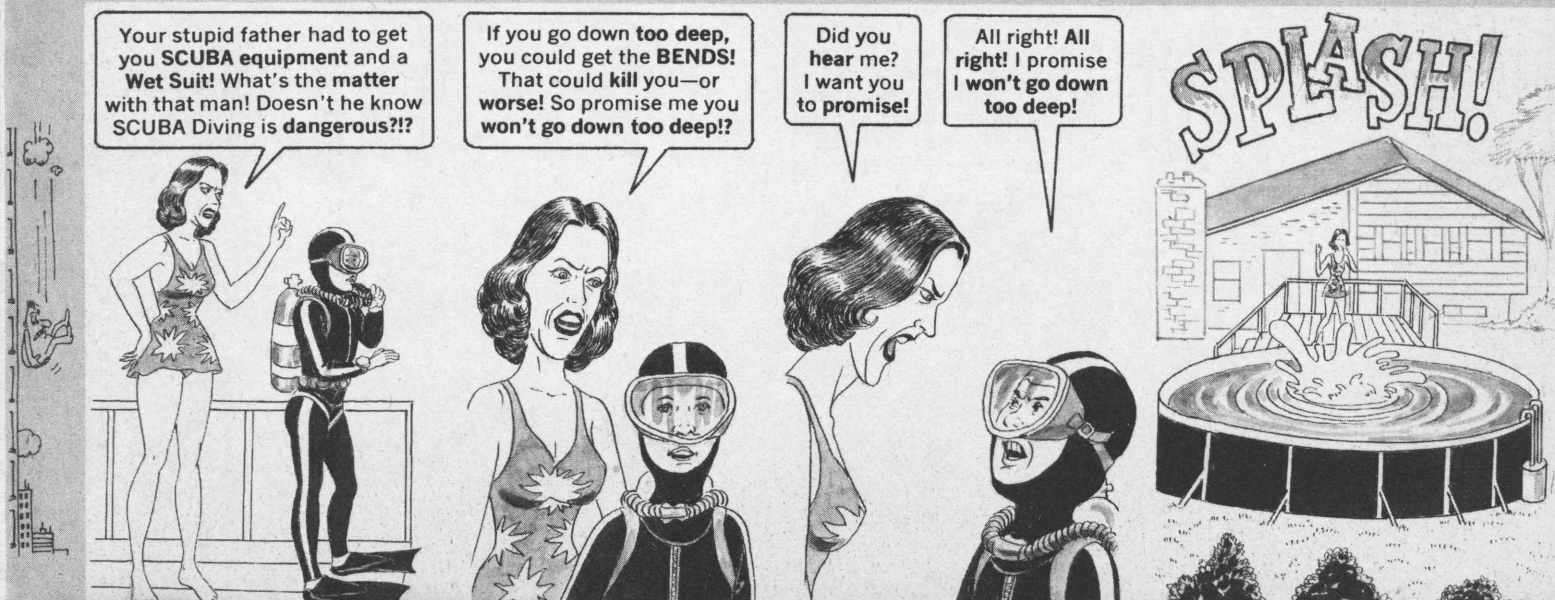
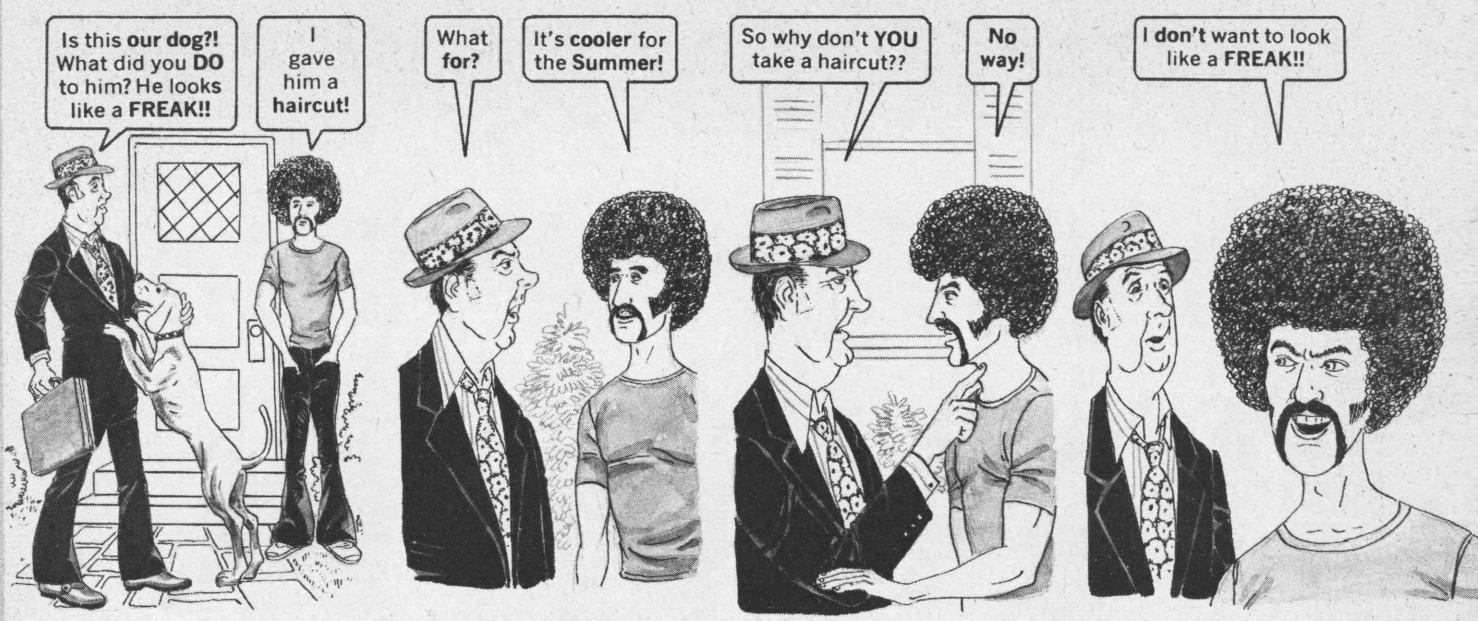
Oh, is it?! Well, not on **MY** beat! That sign clearly says, "**No Handball Playing Allowed!**"

NO
HANDBALL
PLAYING
ALLOWED

There are plenty of handball courts in the **Playground!** Why not be a couple of nice kids and play down there... where it's **ALLOWED?!?**

Because **THAT'S NO FUN!!**





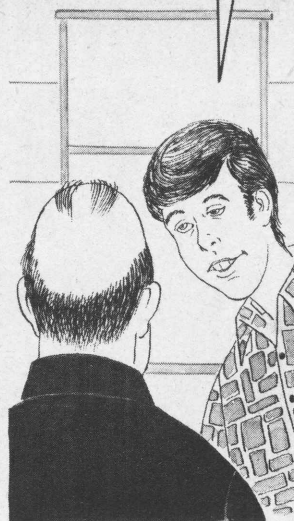
Dad . . . when you and Mom are on your vacation, what are you going to get me?

GET!! GET!! GET!!
That's all you ever think about is what you're going to **GET!**

For **once**, can't you think about **GIVING???**

You're right, Dad! I really **SHOULD** think about giving!

Dad . . . when you and Mom come home from your vacation, what are you going to **GIVE ME?**



Man, you missed the fun last night!

Yeah . . . the guys and the gals were sitting around with nothing to do, and somebody suggested we go "Skinny Dipping"! So a bunch of us took off for the old Swimming Hole . . .

You never heard so much laughing and giggling! Everybody was horsing around, water-wrestling **COMPLETELY BARE!!**

Oh, wow . . .



Just my luck, I miss out on all the fun!

Yeah, it was **one WAY OUT SPLASH PARTY!**

Of course, it would've been much more fun if the gals had joined us!



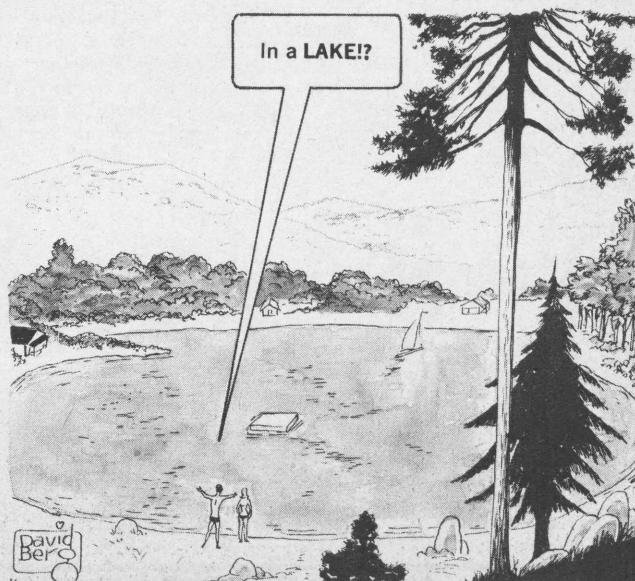
C'mon! I'll race you to the float!

Are you crazy or something?! You're not getting **ME** out into deep water!!

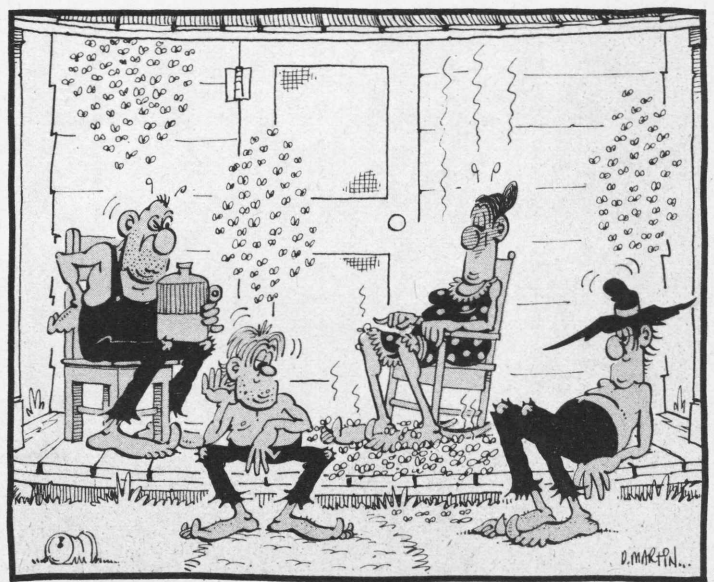
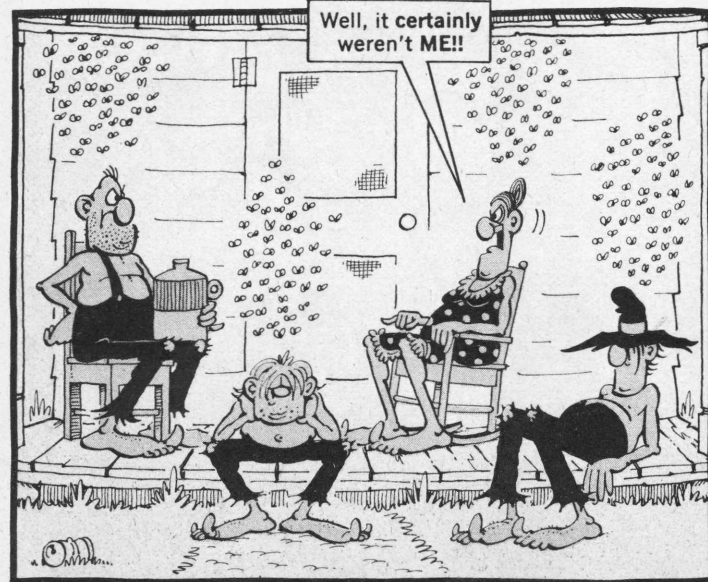
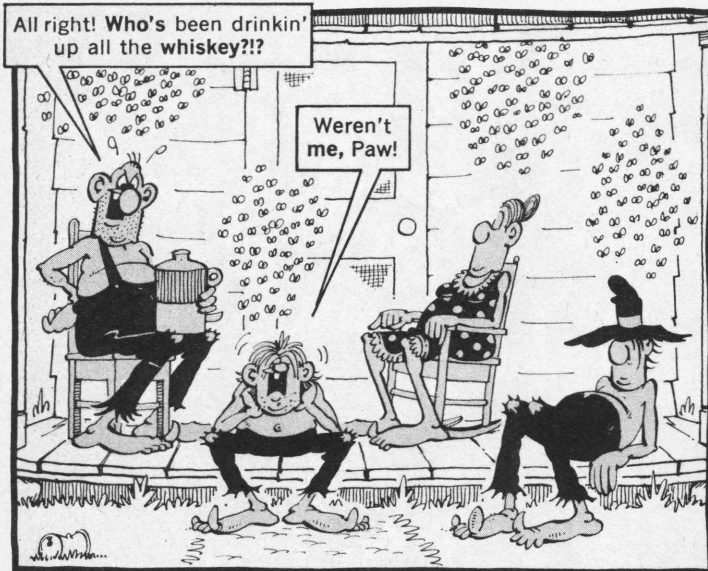
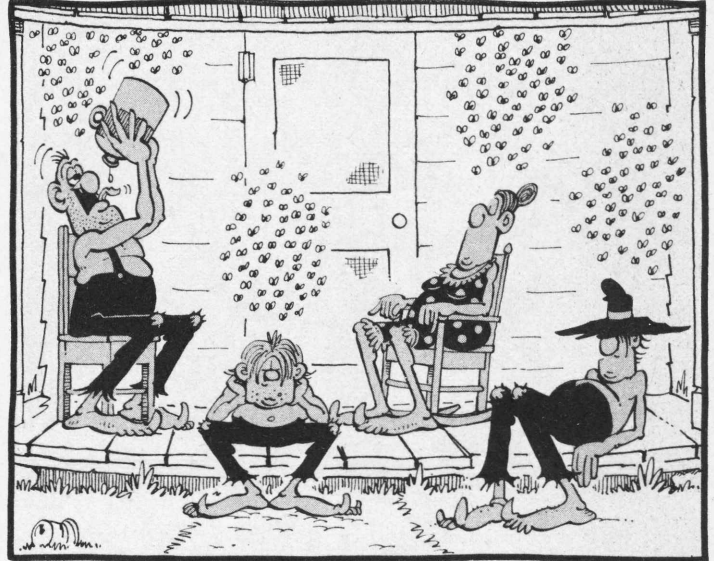
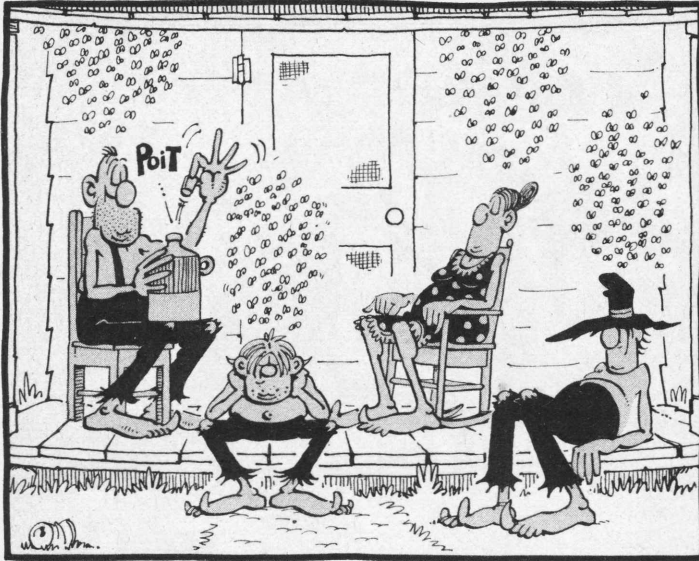
Seeing "**JAWS**" last Summer taught me a lesson! I don't know how many **SHARKS** are out there . . . waiting to tear me into tiny pieces!!



In a **LAKE!?**



ONE AFTERNOON DOWN HOME



A MAD LOOK AT...

BURPS

ADAM AND EVE



SIR ISAAC NEWTON



LUCREZIA BORGIA

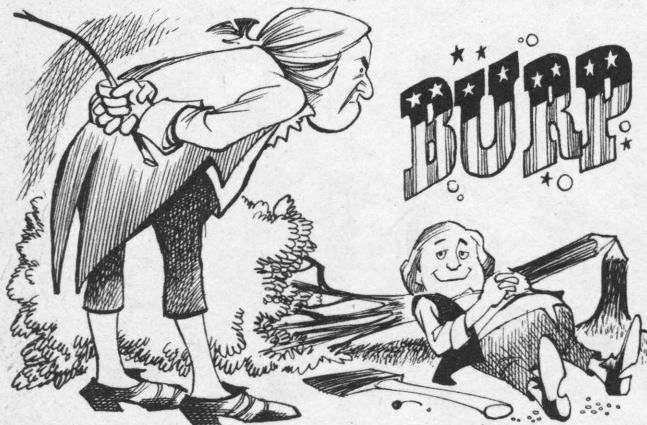
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE





THROUGH HISTORY

GEORGE WASHINGTON



HENRY VIII



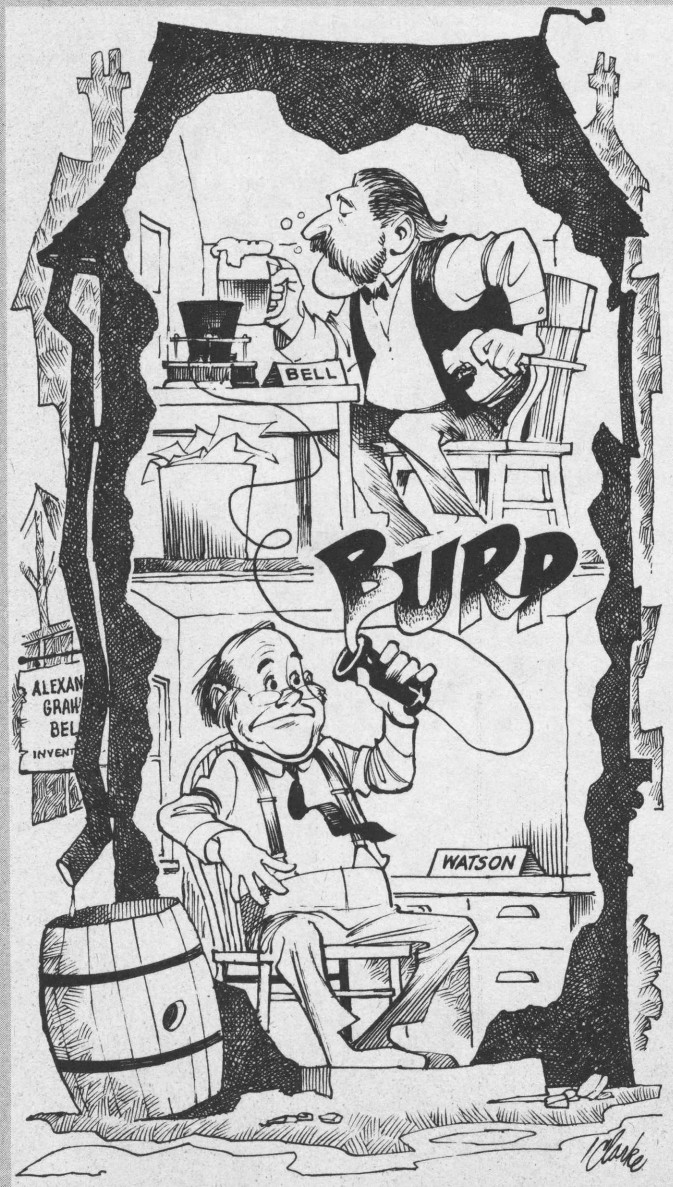
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



NAPOLEON



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL



ANCIENT POMPEII



Most TV detectives have some kind of gimmick...and this latest TV detective's "thing" is wild, far-out disguises. In fact, the most unbelievable disguise he's ever used was when he passed himself off as an "actor" and accepted an Emmy for

BARFETTA

Barfetta... even though your lease says "NO ANIMALS," I never complained when you got that bird!

Like... what's to complain? Old Ferd here is a genuine Cockydoody bird, ain'cha, Ferd?!?

That's Cockatoo, you dumb cluck!!

Okay! HE can stay! But the rest of those birds have to go!

Hold it, Mrs. Landlady! You're talkin' about my FRIENDS! Dis is all part of Toady Barfetta's personal rehabilitation program t' get d' criminal elements off d' streets, an' make our city SAFE!

Yeah—but did you have to get them all off the streets and into my house?

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., or Jack Webb would've thrown all these creeps into the slammer! It's disgusting! They just don't make Cops the way they used to!

You're telling ME?!? Imagine a Cop that's shorter than Mickey Rooney?!?



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Hey, man... what happened to you?

I—I did like you said! I told them Mafia gorillas I wouldn't pay protection money!

Yeah, well you did the right thing! We'd put the Mob out of business if the other merchants around here would listen to me!

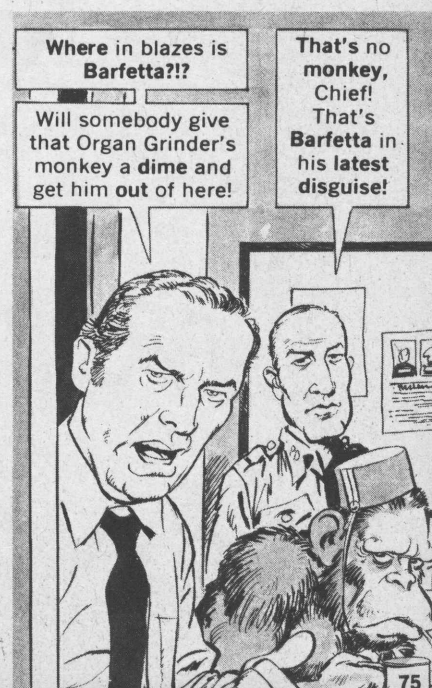
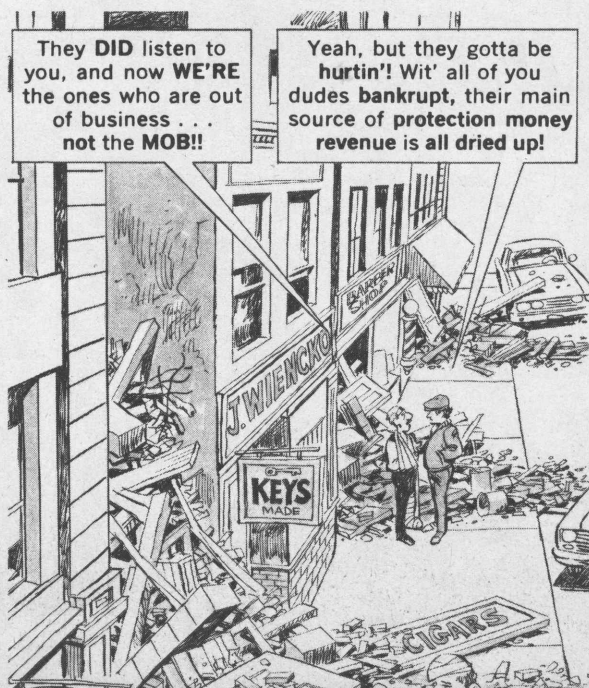
They DID listen to you, and now WE'RE the ones who are out of business... not the MOB!!

Yeah, but they gotta be hurtin'! Wit' all of you dudes bankrupt, their main source of protection money revenue is all dried up!

Where in blazes is Barfetta?!?

Will somebody give that Organ Grinder's monkey a dime and get him out of here!

That's no monkey, Chief! That's Barfetta in his latest disguise!



Barfetta, take off that ridiculous disguise! This is Mr. Webfoot, the Principal of the Richard M. Nixon High School! He needs our help!

I'm afraid we're having some serious problems with our students! They have been stealing copies of exams . . . lying . . . cheating . . . blackmailing teachers . . . and they even rigged a school election!

Hey . . . didjya ever think about maybe it might be a good idea to change the NAME of your High School!??

I know!! You want me to go undercover as a STUDENT!! How's dis . . . ?

Hubba-hubba! Fan-tas-tic! Solid, Jackson! Groovy, Gate—let's celebrate!

High School students don't dress or talk like that anymore!

They never DID, except on TV!



How about posing as a Janitor, Barfetta!? You could wear your everyday street clothes!

I'm afraid that's impossible! The Janitors have a strong Union! They won't let just ANYBODY push a broom! Perhaps you could go undercover as a TEACHER!

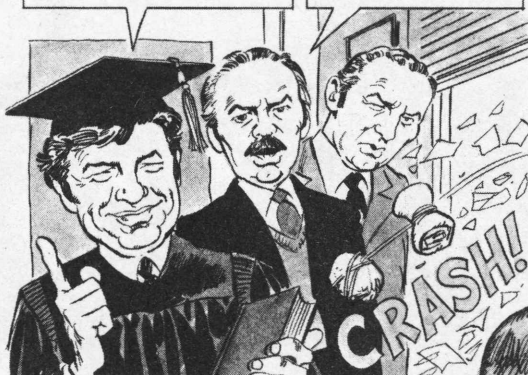
Right on, dere, my man! I never been into teachin' before! Dat should be a far-out trip for de kids, gettin' together wit' Professor Barfetta, LLB an' EDO! Dat stands for "Latin Lover Boy" an' "Early Drop-Out"!

On second thought, Lieutenant, let's forget the whole thing! I'd rather have my students lying, cheating and stealing exams than ending up talking like him!

It's a rock with a note tied to it!

Maybe it's a letter from one of my fans!

You kidding?! The only one who gets fan mail on this show is that bird of yours!



It's from d' Mafia!

It's written on a pizza! Listen t' dis: "Barfetta, we got your bird, so keep your nose outta our business!"

How can you tell?

I'm gonna get my bird back even if I gotta blow the Mafia outta de water t' do it!

But Ferd ain't no PERSON! He's a BIRD!!

No way, Chief! Dat's MY BIRD dem crumbs is messin' wit'!

Well, Chief . . . dere's a simple explanation for dat! By me bein' anti-authority, it lets de kids identify wit' me, even though I'm a PIG!!

Barfetta, you're too emotionally involved! I'm turning this over to "Missing Persons"!!

Then let the ASPCA handle it!

Barfetta, why is it that, every week, you argue with me about which case you get to work on?





Hey, dere,
my man ...
what's da
voird on
da street
about me
lately?

The word
is around
that you
are out of
your bird!

Dat's right!
Some crumbs
birdnapped
Ferd! Like
what else
d'ya hear?

Actually,
lately, my
hearing
ain't been
so good ...
y'know??

Maybe
dis \$50
bill will
help! Now
lay it
on me,
man ...

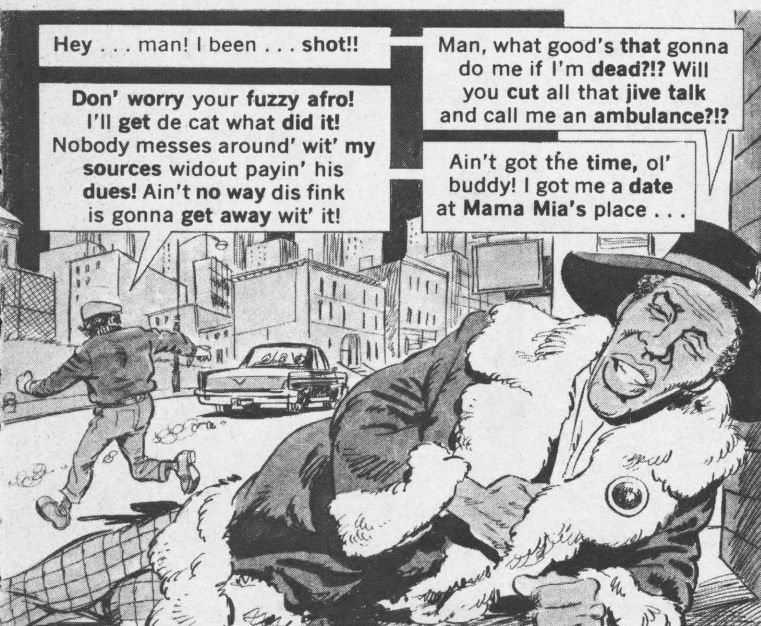


Barfetta ...
you are one
amazing dude!

Because of
my clever
disguises??

No, because of
the way you keep
handin' out \$50
bills to all us
stoolies on your
lousy \$185-a-week
cop's salary!

But I might have somethin'
for you! Check out a dude
who's a steady client at
Mama Mia's Massage Parlor!
He's been comin' in there
lately smellin' from bird
seed and feathers and ...



Hey ... man! I been ... shot!!

Don' worry your fuzzy afro!
I'll get de cat what did it!
Nobody messes around' wit' my
sources widout payin' his
dues! Ain't no way dis fink
is gonna get away wit' it!

Man, what good's that gonna
do me if I'm dead?!? Will
you cut all that jive talk
and call me an ambulance?!?

Ain't got the time, ol'
buddy! I got me a date
at Mama Mia's place ...



Hi, Mama! How's my favorite Italian
lady tonight? Mama, I need some help!

That's what I'm in business for! ALL
my clients need—er—help! What'll
it be ... a blonde ... or a brunette?

Dat ain't de kind of
help I'm referrin'
to, Mama! I gotta
rap wit' one of your
steady clients! Now,
here's my plan ...



Hi, Rock!
I got a
new chick
for you!

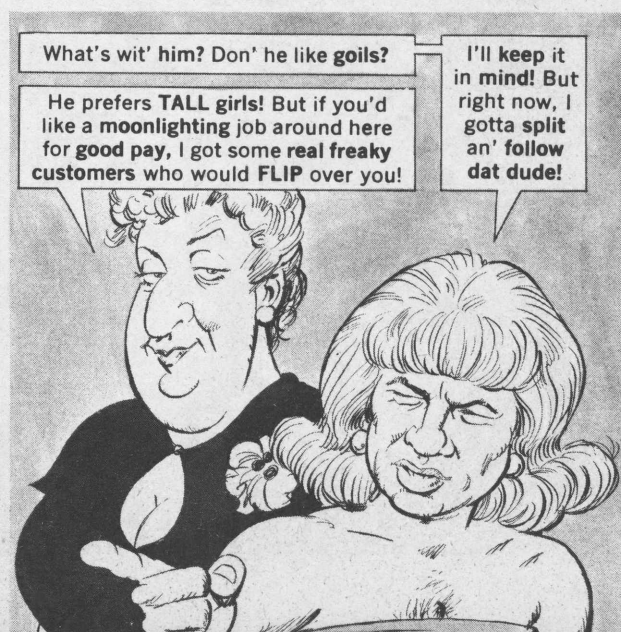
Is she built?

Like nothing
you ever saw!

Okay,
le' me
at
her!!



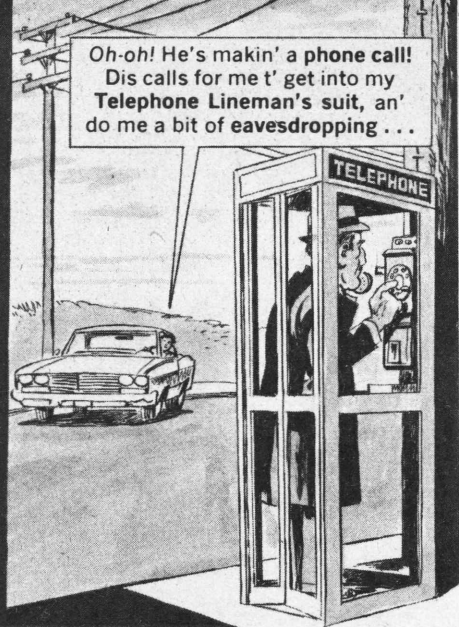
Y-A-A-A-A-G-G-G-H-H!



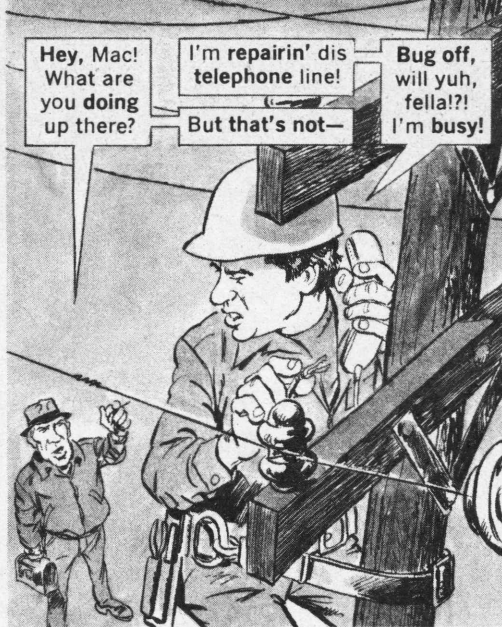
What's wit' him? Don't he like goils?

He prefers TALL girls! But if you'd
like a moonlighting job around here
for good pay, I got some real freaky
customers who would FLIP over you!

I'll keep it
in mind! But
right now, I
gotta split
an' follow
dat dude!



Oh-oh! He's makin' a phone call!
Dis calls for me t' get into my
Telephone Lineman's suit, an'
do me a bit of eavesdropping . . .



Hey, Mac!
What are
you doing
up there?

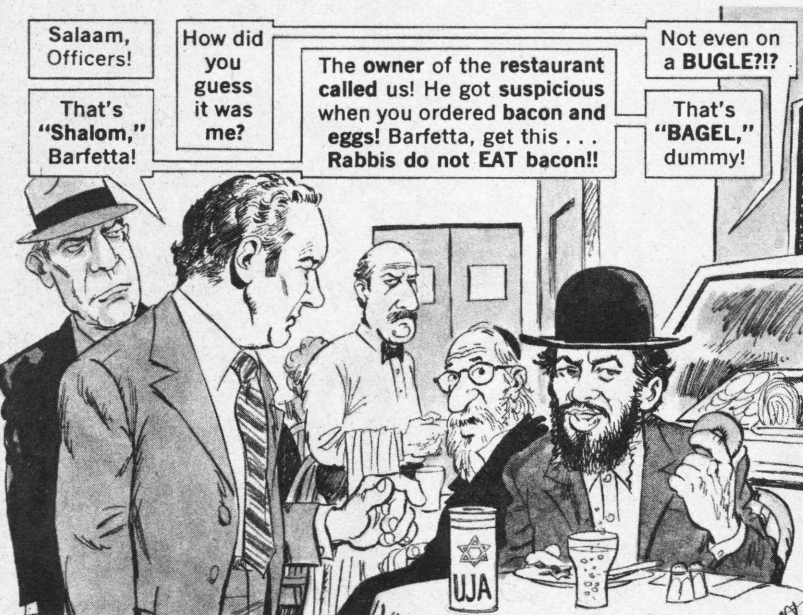
I'm repairin' dis
telephone line!
But that's not—

Bug off,
will yuh,
fella!?!
I'm busy!



I TRIED to tell you, smart guy!
That's no telephone line! That's
a high tension electric power line!

BZZZZZAP!



Salaam,
Officers!

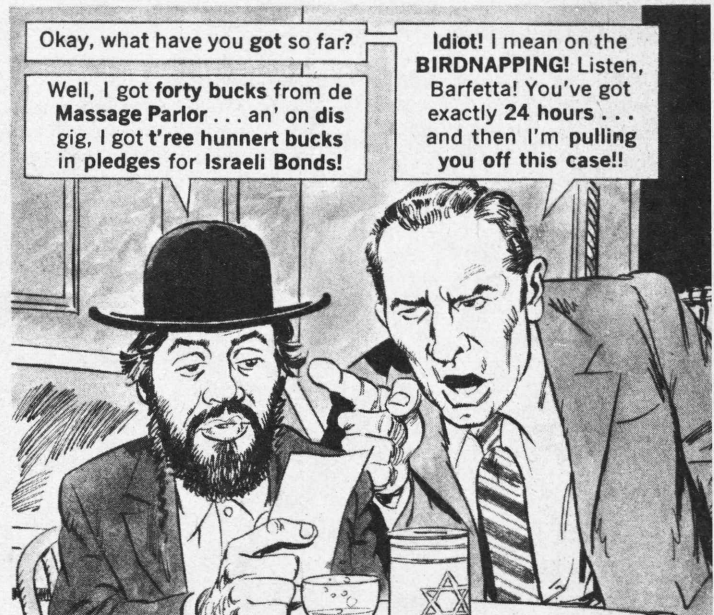
How did
you
guess
it was
me?

The owner of the restaurant
called us! He got suspicious
when you ordered bacon and
eggs! Barfetta, get this . . .
Rabbis do not EAT bacon!!

Not even on
a BUGLE?!?

That's
"BAGEL,"
dummy!

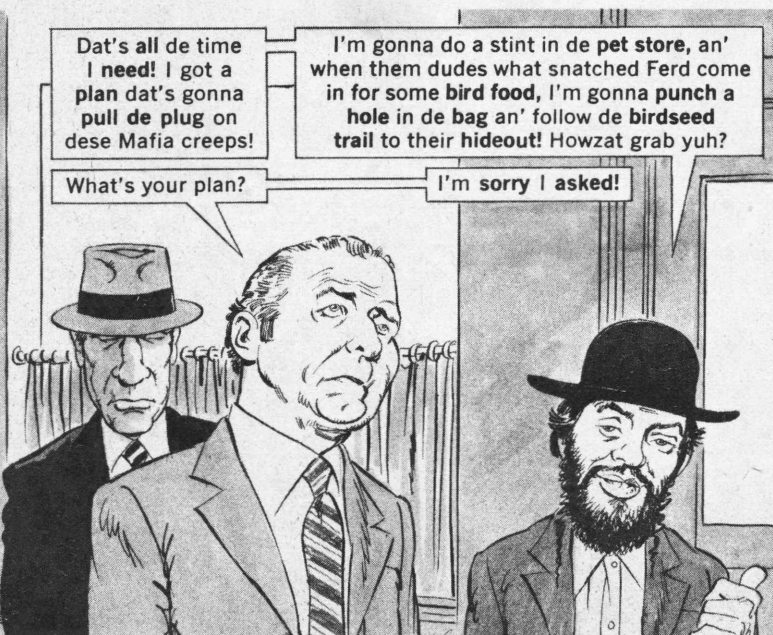
That's
"Shalom,"
Barfetta!



Okay, what have you got so far?

Well, I got forty bucks from de
Massage Parlor . . . an' on dis
gig, I got t'ree hunnert bucks
in pledges for Israeli Bonds!

Idiot! I mean on the
BIRDNAPPING! Listen,
Barfetta! You've got
exactly 24 hours . . .
and then I'm pulling
you off this case!!



Dat's all de time
I need! I got a
plan dat's gonna
pull de plug on
dese Mafia creeps!

I'm gonna do a stint in de pet store, an'
when them dudes what snatched Ferd come
in for some bird food, I'm gonna punch a
hole in de bag an' follow de birdseed
trail to their hideout! Howzat grab yuh?

What's your plan?

I'm sorry I asked!



I need some
bird food!

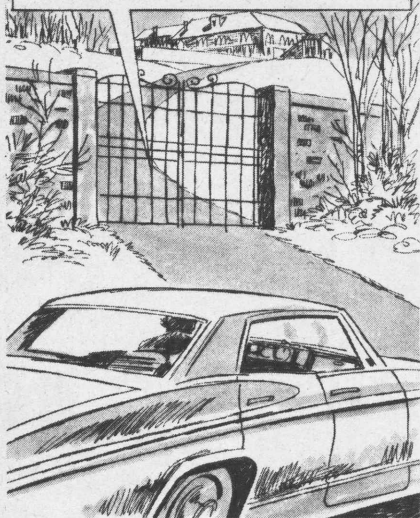
Yessir! Is it for
a black bird . . .
or a white bird?

Man, don't tell me PET STORES discriminate,
TOO! If you must know, it's for a white bird!
But he squawks real cool jive talk . . .
like a BLACK CAT!!

Oh-oh! I think I scored!



Da trail leads right into dat house wit' da big iron gate in front! I'll jus' crash through an' get ol' Ferd outta there!



I better use an alternate method for gainin' entrance t' dat place!

I GOT IT!! Dere's only one sure-fire way to get into a Mob Chief's pad! A **FUNERAL!!** But first, I'm gonna need me a **corpus delectable!**

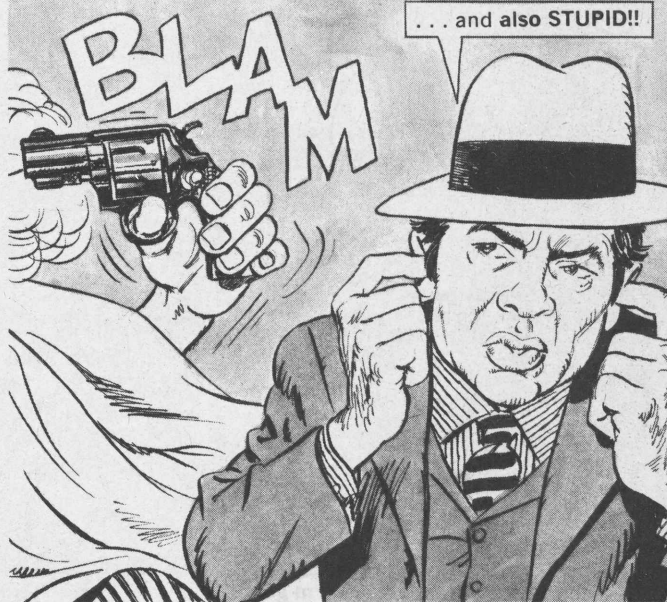


Charlie, de boss tol' me to give you dis contract, an' he says you should make the hit right away!

Don't I always?! Hey!! I can't carry out this contract! It's on **ME!!**

Man, you're forgettin' your "Hit Man's Oath"!

Oh... yeah! I remember... "A Hit Man is trustworthy, loyal, and **OBEDIENT...**"



... and also **STUPID!!**

Good afternoon, my good man! I have taken the liberty of delivering dese lovely flowers for de funeral!

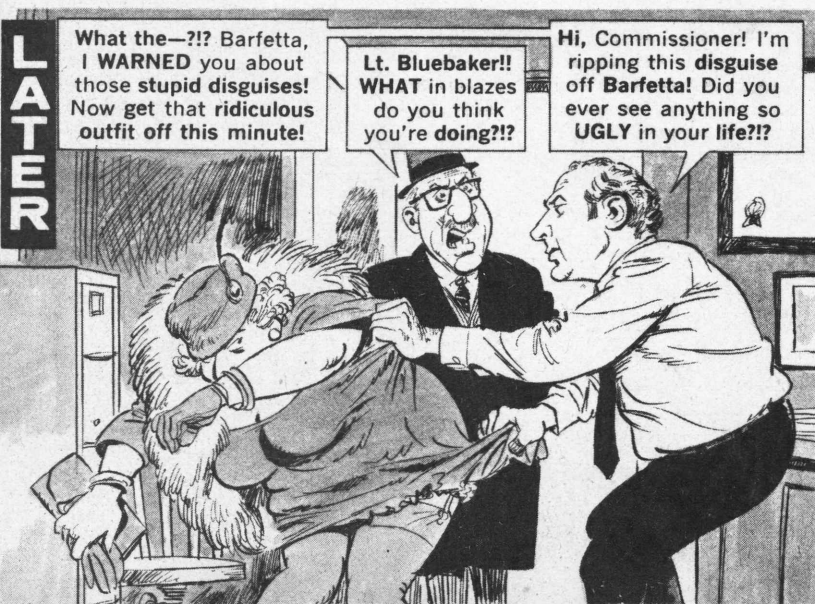
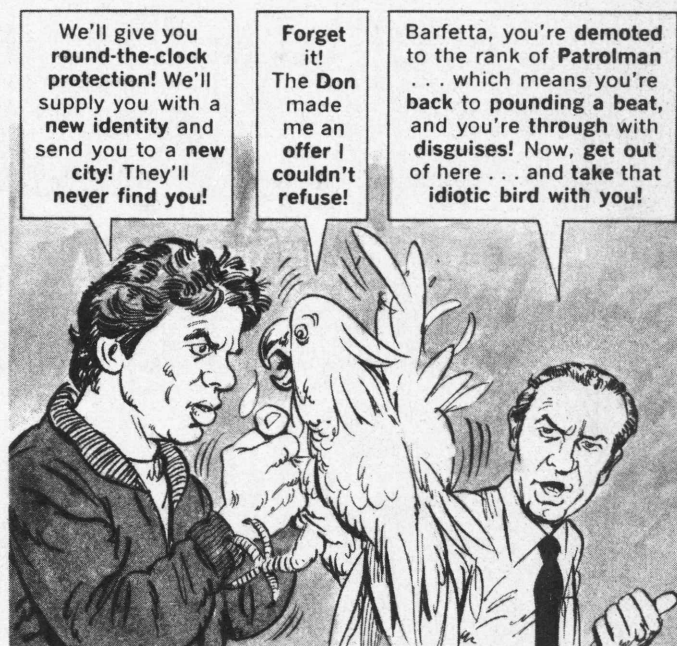
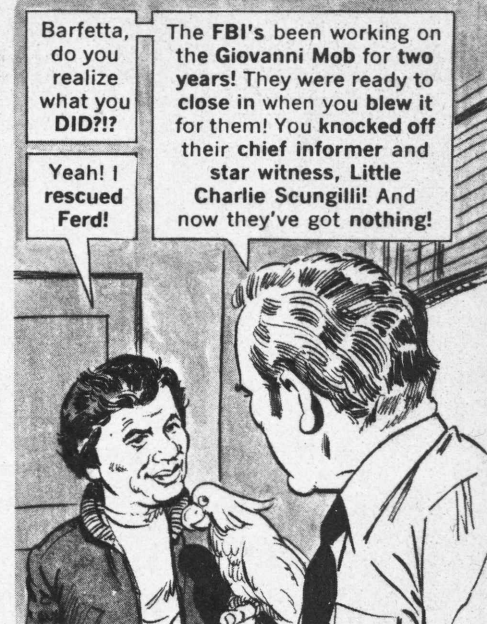
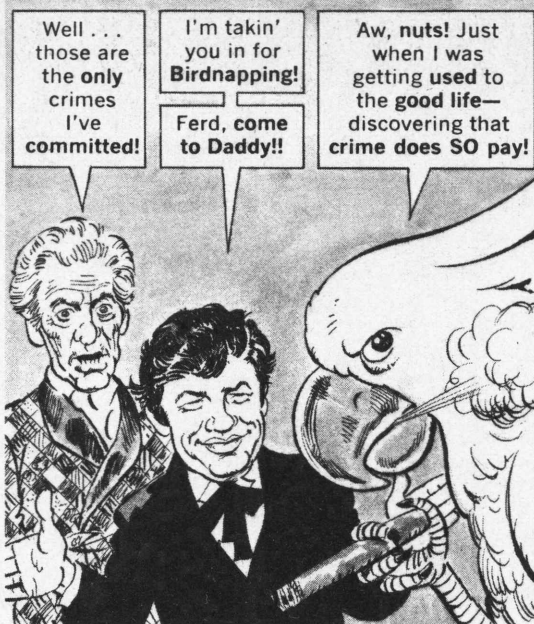
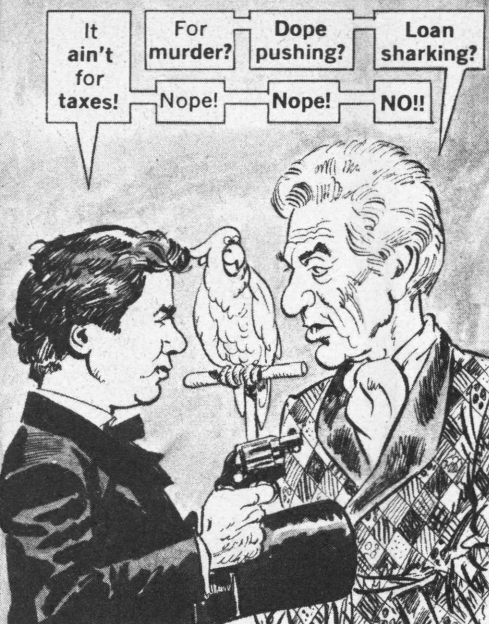
Huh? What funeral?! We ain't got no funeral here today!

Oh, but you are **wrong!** The deceased is the late Hit Man, **Little Charlie Scungilli!** I was passing the Beauty Parlor—I mean—the **Barber Shop**—when he met his untimely end! Therefore, I have also taken the liberty of delivering his **body** to the **only** family he has, the **Don Giovanni Mafia Crime Family!**

Don Giovanni! Allow me to introduce myself! I am **Detective Toady Barfetta!** And you're under arrest!

You can't arrest me! My taxes are all paid up!





**WHAT PARTICULAR
SPECIES IN OUR
ENVIRONMENT IS
SURE TO GET
SPECIAL
PROTECTION
FROM ANY WINNING
CANDIDATE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

There are many creatures in our environment that look to our elected officials for their survival. But one particular animal has no worries at all because it is always fully protected by the winning candidates. To find out which species this is, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀**B**

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**FIERCE FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL AFFECT SPECIES AT
ALL LEVELS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT. BUT EVERY
CANDIDATE WHO WINS HAS ONE SPECIES HE PROTECTS**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀**B**

LET'S VOTE FOR

ALFRED E. NEUMAN



FOR PRESIDENT

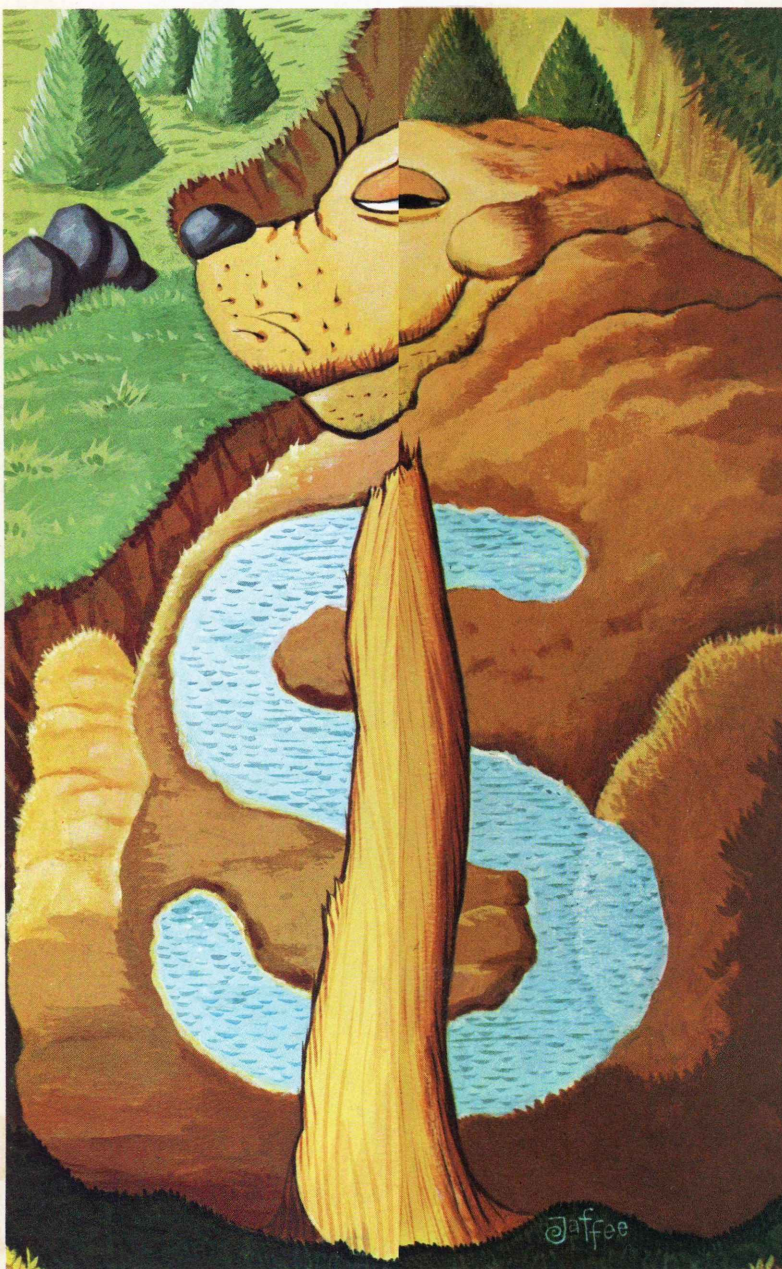
THERE ARE BIGGER IDIOTS RUNNING!

WHAT PARTICULAR
SPECIES IN OUR
ENVIRONMENT IS
SURE TO GET
SPECIAL
PROTECTION
FROM ANY WINNING
CANDIDATE?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A > B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



FAT

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

CATS
A > B